

Vol. XLIX. No. 1264.

JANUARY 17, 1907.

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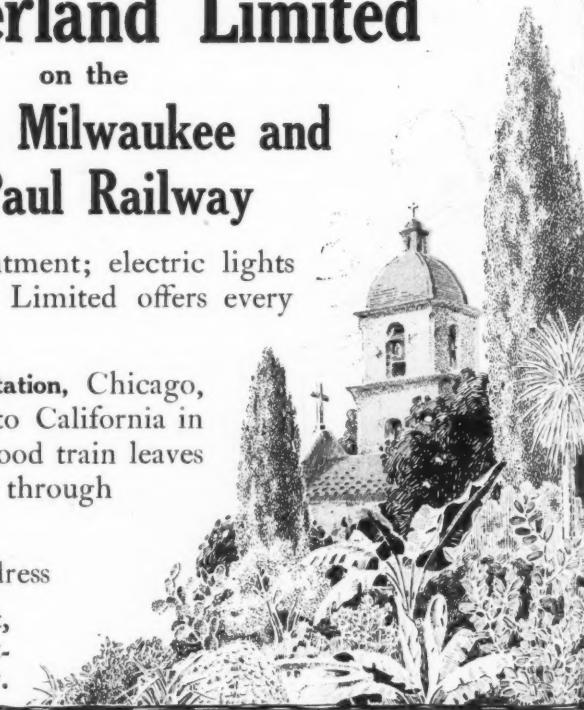
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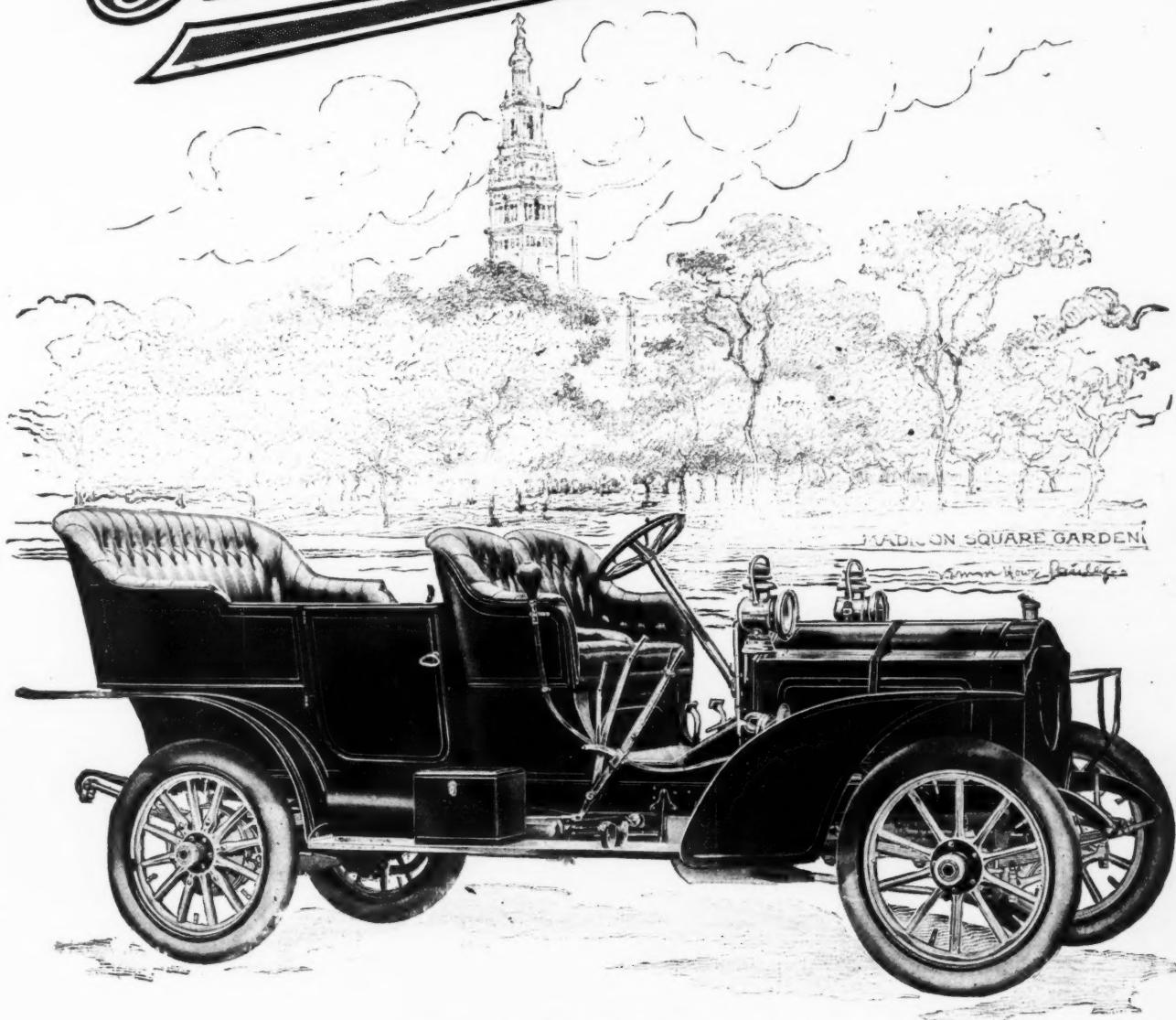
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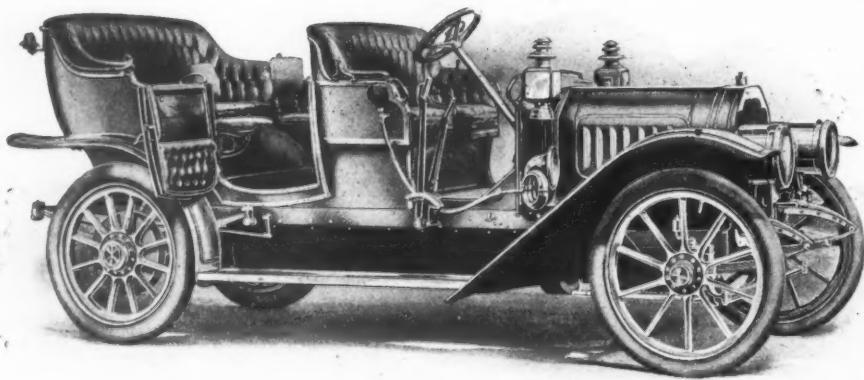
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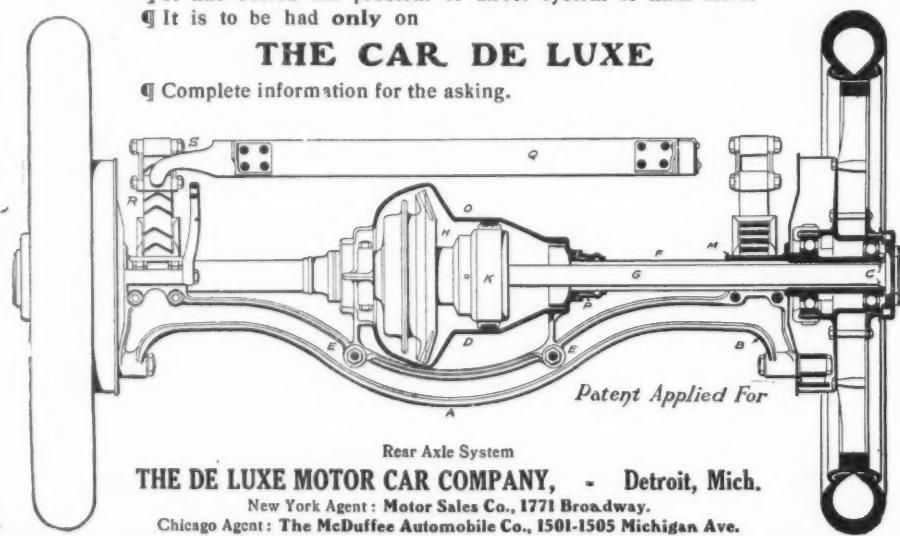
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"KILLING!"

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"WE WERE not thirty miles out of Beirut," says Alexander Hume Ford in the January *Appleton's*, "when the plump, copper-colored official, whose duty it is to record tezkerah, stuck his bullet head into our compartment. Some of us explained matters truthfully, others stated that their tezkerah had been paid for and forwarded to Damascus. Truth or falsehood was one and the same to the Turkish official. He impressed us with the fact that he could stop the train and put us off and then departed. Half an hour later he returned in the guise of a humanitarian. Having discovered a poor family in one of the third-class compartments who was destitute of food or tickets, he was going through the first-class carriages, taking up a subscription. We each reached for our silver. I led with a franc piece. Seven others in the compartment followed suit. We expected, of course, that he would go around again. In fact, it was our plan to keep putting in franc pieces until our friend, the official, voluntarily desisted from his cleverly disguised demand for bakshish. To our astonishment, he looked into the hat and disappeared wreathed in smiles. An expenditure of eight francs had saved us sixteen dollars in hard cash, and undue annoyance."

Paved with Good Intentions

A DIPLOMAT was talking in Washington about the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, son of the Earl of Carnarvon :

"Mr. Herbert was always original. I once heard him address a New Year banquet of clergymen :

"Meeting this morning the gentleman called Mephisto, or Beelzebub, I greeted him politely and said:

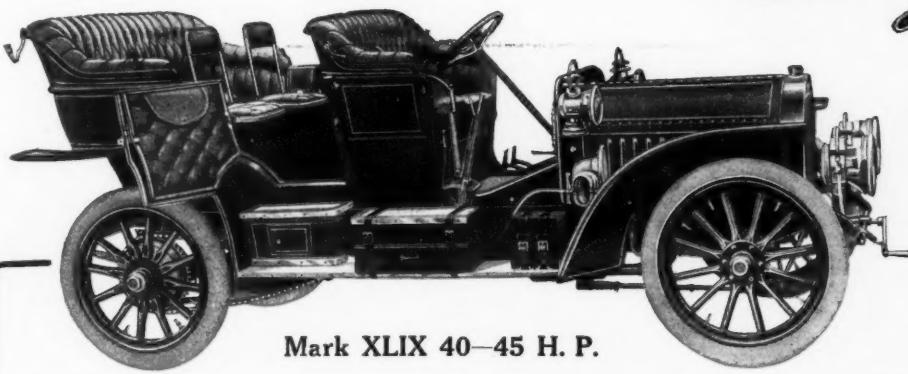
"How are things down your way?"

"He grimaced and shook his head. He pointed to the mud on his hoof and tail.

"We are in a deuce of a mess down there," he said. "This is the season, you know, when our pavements are being laid." — *Washington Star*.

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Mark XLIX 40-45 H. P.

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models, Chrome Nickel Steel will be found *in fact* as well as in name. Practically all the genuine crucible-made Chrome Nickel Steel produced in America for Automobile use was secured for the Columbia Cars. The use of this, the toughest steel yet made, places the two Columbia models in the lead of American cars, and in the class with the very best of European manufacture.

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Diamond WRAPPED TREAD TIRES

Mr. R. G. Kelsey said

at the conclusion of his recent midwinter run in the Matheson Racer, from New York to Chicago:

"I will confess that at one time I was a staunch exponent of imported tires; but I am absolutely converted to Diamond Tires as being superior to anything with which I have ever had any of my machines equipped."

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The Galleries occupy our entire fourth floor, which has been

divided into a series of permanent specimen rooms completely decorated and furnished in the styles of the best periods—French, English, Italian, Colonial, etc.

It is a simple statement of fact to say that these Galleries constitute the most complete exposition of period decoration to be seen in America. They are also sufficient evidence of our decorating facilities and efficiency.

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The conclusive evidence of the capacity of these cars continues to accumulate. Can you get away from the following convincing facts:

The Hill-Climbing Ability—Again demonstrated by the recent record climb up Twin Peaks, San Francisco. Here Model "A" not only set a new mark of 2 minutes 29 seconds, cutting 1 minute 1 second from the record, but was the first and only car to ever make the run to the highest apex.

Motor Endurance—Again demonstrated on November 20 at Cleveland, when Model "A" completed a 100-hour non-stop run. A copy of sworn statements giving details of this run will be sent to those interested on request.

Touring Quality—Demonstrated on the 350-mile non-stop run made by Model "A" from Detroit, Mich., to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 14 hours and 12 minutes, actual running time. This run was made on the high gear. When Cincinnati was

For further reasons **Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., U.S.A.** Member of A. L. address Dept. L.

reached the car was driven to the top of Vine Street Hill, still on the high gear. The car which made this remarkable demonstration of touring and hill-climbing ability was taken fresh from the factory and represented the average run of stock cars.

Roadability—Demonstrated by the 75-mile run from New York to Poughkeepsie over difficult hills and trying road conditions, with the high-speed lever sealed in. Also in the Santa Barbara, Cal., run, and the St. Catharines to Toronto, Canada, high-speed-lever-sealed-in run.

If you are an Oldsmobile owner send us your name, address, number of model and date of purchase, and we will send you regularly the Oldsmobile News Letter, a weekly publication devoted to the interest of Oldsmobile enthusiasts.



THAT versatile English writer, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, confesses that he has always felt a deep sympathy for clergymen who have to preach two sermons every Sunday. "Conceive of the difficulty of the situation!" he exclaims. "To address the same people twice a week on religious subjects for, say, twenty years! And the difficulty is increased a hundredfold by the fact that if a clergyman makes his sermons practical, drawing them from his daily experience, he is sure to be accused of preaching *at* some one or other." The truth is, says Mr. Benson, that to preach effectively to the same congregation twice a Sunday for twenty years a man needs to be "a saint and a man of the world, and a literary man, and an orator, all in one." He continues (in *The National Review*, November):

My experience is that the clergy, as a rule, instead of neglecting this branch of work, expend an almost pathetic amount of trouble on their discourses, and search very diligently after impressive, interesting and lucid ideas. Of course the net result is often not very satisfactory, for the simple reason that the expression of any sort of truth, the exposition of any subject, is a thing which, to be effective, needs a personality behind it endowed with a certain kind of charm and force, which is by no means a common thing.

In the first place, I should like to see the number of parochial sermons halved; one sermon a Sunday is ample.

And, then, too, I can never understand why the reading of the discourses of great preachers is not encouraged. If Robertson, or Newman or Kingsley have written persuasively and enthusiastically about some point of the Christian life, why should we not be allowed to listen to their words, rather than to the words of a tired and possibly dispirited man, who preaches because he must, and not because he has any very urgent message to deliver?

But why listen to sermons at all, Mr. Benson?

POOR William Shakespeare! No sooner had Bernard Shaw begun to get his second wind after pummeling the memory of the dramatist, than Tolstoy comes out with the following (shall we call it a diatribe):

My disagreement with the established opinion about Shakespeare is not the result of an accidental frame of mind, nor of a light-minded attitude toward the matter, but is the outcome of many years' repeated and insistent endeavors to harmonize my own views of Shakespeare with those established amongst all civilized men of the Christian world.

I remember the astonishment I felt when I first read Shakespeare. I expected to receive a powerful esthetic pleasure; but having read, one after the other, works regarded as his best—"King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"—not only did I feel no delight, but I felt an irresistible repulsion and tedium, and doubted as to whether I was senseless in feeling works regarded as the summit of perfection by the whole of the civilized world to be trivial and positively bad, or whether the significance which this civilized world attributes to Shakespeare was itself senseless. My consternation was increased by the fact that I always keenly felt the beauties of poetry in every form; then why should artistic works recognized by the whole world as those of a genius—the works of Shakespeare—not only fail to please me, but be disagreeable to me? For a long time I could not believe in myself, and during fifty years, in order to test myself, I several times recommended reading Shakespeare in every possible form, in Russian, in English, in German and in Schlegel's translation, as I was advised. Several times I read the dramas and the comedies and historical plays, and I invariably underwent the same feelings—repulsion, weariness and bewilderment. At the present time, before writing this preface, being desirous once more to test myself, I have as an old man of seventy-five read again the whole of Shakespeare, including the historical plays, the "Henrys," "Troilus and Cressida," the "Tempest" and "Cymbeline," and I have felt, with even greater force, the same feelings—this time, however, not of bewilderment, but of firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of a great genius which Shakespeare enjoys, which compels writers of our time to imitate him and readers and spectators to discover in him nonexistent merits—thereby distorting their esthetic and ethical understanding—is a great evil, as in every untruth.

Although I know that the majority of people so firmly believe in the greatness of Shakespeare that in reading this judgment of mine they will not admit even the possibility of its justice, and will not give it the slightest attention, nevertheless I will endeavor as well as I can to show why I believe that Shakespeare cannot be recognized either as a great genius or even as an average author.

Explained

SHE: I wonder why Henry James has never attempted a historical romance?

HE: Impossible! That kind demands a period.—*Lippincott's Monthly*.

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7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—*Aaron Hill.*

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8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—*Dryden.*

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9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—*Herrick.*

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10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—*Moore.*

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11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—*Pope.*

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12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tennyson.*

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The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black-and-white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

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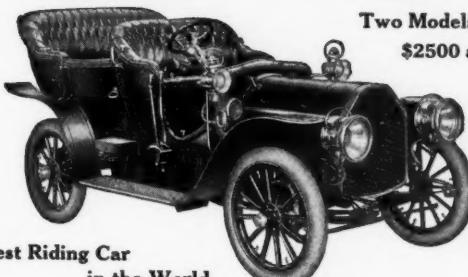
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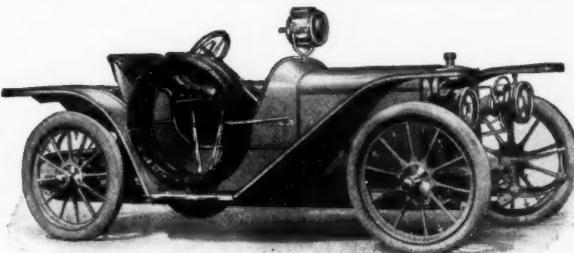
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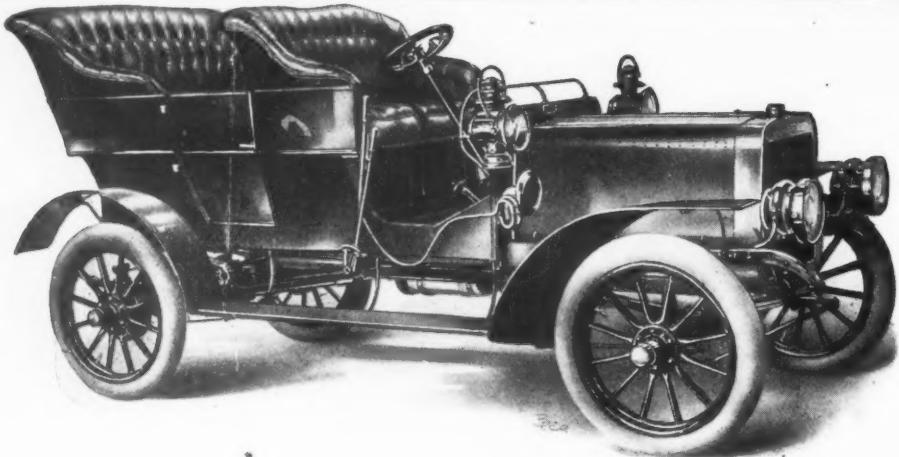
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25-30 H. P.

5-Passenger

Price - - \$2,500

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We have watched the improvements of the Motor Car from its very infancy—noting each new feature and trying its efficiency.

In the manufacture of the Deere we avoided all features that proved to be unsuccessful or doubtful in other makes, both foreign and domestic, but perfected and improved upon such as with them proved to be essential or desirable.

The Deere is a modern car, built upon principles strictly "up to the very minute"—the combined results of others and our experiments.

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THE news that nineteen volumes of Napoleon's library have just been found at Marseilles, and are to be put back in their place at the Malmaison, has caused a little tremor of excitement among some of the Emperor's worshipers in Paris, for, much as is known about other details of his life, very few know anything about Napoleon's favorite books, writes a Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*. His annotated copy of Machiavelli has run to more editions in France than the plain copy of "The Prince," and the marginal notes leave little doubt that the book was read and reread by the Emperor. But what else did he read? Some biographers mention that he borrowed Rousseau's "Confessions" when at Valence, in 1786, and it is also known that he liked Molière and admired Corneille so much that he would have made him a prince if he had come back to earth.

The finding of these nineteen little volumes of Cazin editions, which are once more to stand on the shelves of the famous library at Malmaison—the one in which the execution of the Duc d'Enghien and other equally famous and less ignoble plans were conceived—has almost doubled the knowledge about what Napoleon read. Among the newly found books are two volumes of Bacon's Essays, two volumes of Mme. de Staël's "Influence des Passions" and Mercier's "Visions Philosophiques."

These nineteen are all that remain of thirty which Napoleon deposited at the Marseilles library, when hurrying back to Paris from Egypt. He forgot to reclaim them, and they remained there until 1814, when M. Thibadeau, prefect of the Vienne, commandeered a hundred of them. The remainder lay on a top shelf behind some dusty quartos until 1818.

A certain M. Gauffret found them then, and wrote an article about his discovery in a Marseilles review. He wrote down the names of the books and mentioned the passages annotated or underlined, and also said that a certain page in Mme. de Staël's book bore a large coffee stain. He reminded his readers that Napoleon drank a great deal of coffee and used to read at meals when in Egypt. The coffee stain is still to be seen—though faint now—on the page mentioned by M. Gauffret. The marks in these little books show that Napoleon liked to read history and philosophy.

One passage marked in Mercier's "Visions Philosophiques," on a page which is torn, provides food for reflection. Mercier tells of a mythical person called Misnas. Misnas was honored as the most valiant captain of India, and eager crowds held him in much respect and admiration. He was able to approach the presence of his God, being one of the first to receive that awful honor. He received it with an ironic smile, as though indifferent or superior to his own destiny. Misnas looked out over the future, first on the side of happiness. He saw his victorious career; he beheld conquered towns and subjugated peoples, and gets all eager to learn of his great deeds and to transmit them to posterity. Misnas might have long lived happy and contented had he not wished to know the end of his triumphant destiny.



What a change! A jealous king dispossessed him and exiled him, and those whom he had covered with favors tore down his effigy and broke it in a thousand pieces, while inscriptions bearing his name were obliterated. Misnias remained motionless and astonished. Heedless of his laurels, he had lived for years above the noise of the brilliant fêtes given in his honor, and then he had heard a voice whispering, "Thou shall die in exile and forgotten." How often did he curse the day when he wished to unveil the future! And the page on which this legend was written was torn by Napoleon's hand.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, has all the bachelor's gallantry—and all the bachelor's pride in the fact of his bachelorthood, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. He illustrated both of these qualities when in Philadelphia to receive his doctor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania. It happened at a tea—a form of amusement which Mr. Riley does not, as a rule, particularly affect—and its cause was the effusive greeting accorded Mr. Riley by a local literary light to whom he was presented, a matron of mature years and proportions, whose conjugal estate was, of course, unknown to the poet.

"Ah, Mr. Riley," said the literary matron, as she permitted her limp hand to rest a moment in the firm, hearty grasp of the Indianian, "I have for so many years wanted to meet the man whose poems of childhood were the delight of my own young years."

Riley glanced at the woman with those keen though kindly eyes of his; she was his own age if she were a day old!

"That," he sufficiently replied, "is indeed a tribute to my ability."

"Are you in town for long?" pursued the matron.

"Only for a short while, madam."

"And is Mrs. Riley with you?"

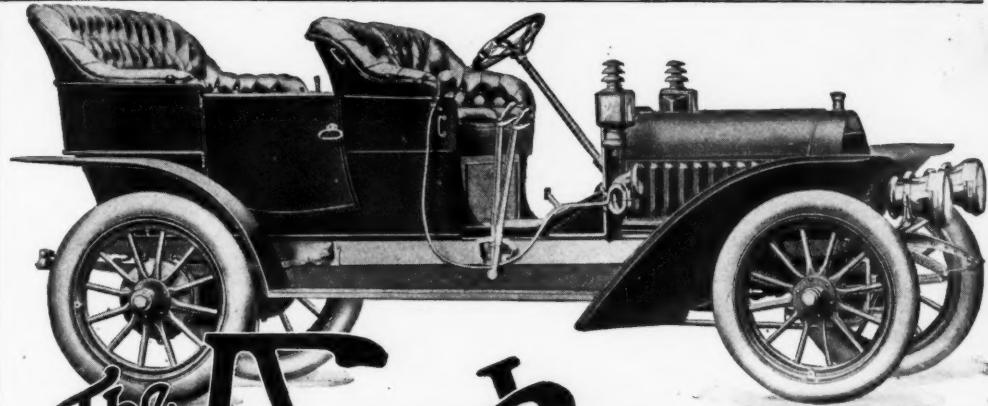
This was almost too much. "She is not, I am sorry to say."

"Indeed! Where is she?"

"My dear madam, I regret to say that I cannot inform you. I am in utter darkness as to her whereabouts. So far as I am in possession of any facts to the contrary, I may be addressing her at this moment."

GERTRUDE ATHERTON appears to be a conscientious person, and her care in writing is commended to other writers. Recently she says in the London *Times*:

I think nothing of traveling from Munich to California if I find my knowledge is not definite enough, and for "Rezanov" I went from San Francisco to Sitka, a trip of thirteen days, with the return to Vancouver for the overland train, for the sake of one chapter. And I found it quite worth while, for the mental picture I had made of the place from much description was quite different from the reality. It may be argued that a few paragraphs of description do not matter one way or another, and that the average reader will never know the difference—likely as not will skip them; but it matters to the author, who is not worth his salt unless he writes first of all to please himself; and places his work before every other consideration. Moreover, there are subtle suggestions in a new atmosphere related to his work that he would never get otherwise.



The Autocar

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Type XIV, \$3000—Five passengers. Thirty horse-power. Four vertical cylinders. Water-cooled, sliding-gear, roller-bearing transmission. Direct drive on high gear.

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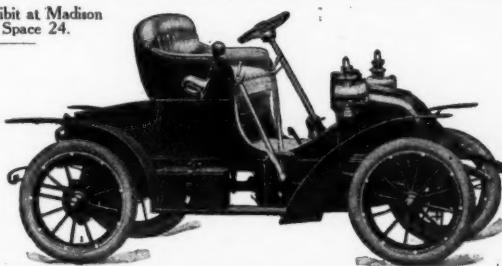
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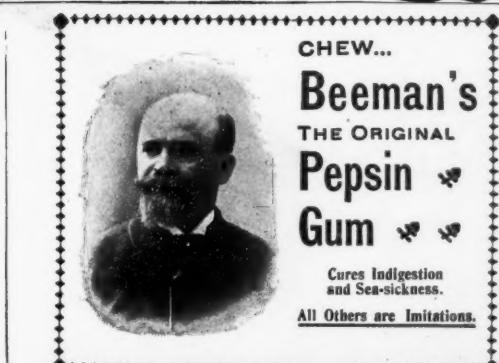


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Reliability





ALTHOUGH eighty-six years old, Donald G. Mitchell, or "Ik Marvel," as he is best known, is hale and hearty and continues to enjoy life at Edgewood, on the outskirts of New Haven, which has been his home for nearly fifty years.

Among the men of high rank in literary expression who have celebrated their seventieth birthday anniversaries this year, Giacomo Carducci, the Italian poet, man of letters, professor and Senator, is not least, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. His countrymen have recently honored him as their most distinguished living author, and there is abundant recognition of his influence on Italian literature. His "Hymn to Satan," published in 1865, earned him the animosity of the Vatican, and he is still under the ban of the Church. He received the Nobel prize this year.

A reporter of the London *Chronicle* recently called upon and interviewed Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, now ninety-five years old, who was the original of "Little Dorrit." Mrs. Cooper lives in Islington, and is not neglected, as she was prevailed upon to open an entertainment and bazaar for charitable work a few days ago, and her portrait was sold at its counters.

THE *Evening Post* declares that the majority of children's books published this year are rubbish:

The change which a century has wrought in books for children is forcibly shown in Henry Frowde's reissue of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories from Real Life: with Conversations Calculated to Regulate the Affections and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness." The volume, first published in 1791, is characteristic of the author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and characteristic also of the age. That was the period when Day's "Sanford and Merton," Mrs. Trimmer's "History of the Robins," Holcroft's translation of Madame de Genlis's "Tales of the Castle," and Maria Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant"—when this solid mass of didacticism was regarded as the very thing to cultivate in young people a taste for literature. These stories contain relatively little incident, and that warranted to soothe the mind rather than excite it. There are long pages of discourse, dull, edifying, not to say priggish. In Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" a Mrs. Mason is always preaching to her young charges. When a storm is impending she assures the children:

"No, certainly, I am not afraid. I walk with the same security as when the sun enlivened the prospect—God is still present and we are safe. Should the flash that passes by us strike me dead, it cannot hurt me. I fear not death! I only fear that Being who can render death terrible, on whose providence I calmly rest; and my confidence earthly sorrows cannot destroy. A mind is never truly great till the love of virtue overcomes the fear of death."

Such a passage as this in "Original Stories," or any of these highly recommended books, is a complete commentary on some often quoted sentences from Hazlitt's essay, "On Reading Old Books." He is speaking of the time when he was "a little, thoughtless child":

"Tom Jones," I remember, was the first work that broke the spell. It came down in numbers once a fortnight, in Cooke's pocket-edition, embellished with cuts. . . . With what eagerness I used to look forward to the next number and open the prints! Ah! never again shall I feel the enthusiastic delight

The REO Why

All these questions are fully and convincingly answered in this 1907 REO catalogue. If you want full motor-car value for your money, you ought to write for this book to-day.

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with which I gazed at the figures, and anticipated the story and adventures of Major Bath and Commodore Trunnon, of Trim and my Uncle Toby, of Don Quixote and Sancho and Dapple, of Gil Blas and Dame Lorenzo Sephora, whose lips open and shut like buds of roses."

We must not be understood as urging upon children such books as "Tom Jones," "Peregrine Pickle," "Tristram Shandy," and "Gil Blas." They are not milk for babes. But we have not the slightest fear that our heirs of all the ages will turn to Fielding, Smollett or Sterne while they have Henty and his fellow-craftsmen, large and small. Boys who vote Scott and Cooper stupid and long-winded, boys who are used to such highly spiced food that they find Dickens flat and insipid, will never be tempted by any of the eighteenth-century novelists—barring Defoe. Some English journalists, apparently unaware of developments in juvenile literature since 1860, have been gravely discussing the question whether children should be allowed to read Shakespeare. *Allowed* to read Shakespeare? How can we possibly persuade them to read Shakespeare?

WHAT shall a man read and how much? This is a question of constantly increasing importance as each year adds to the number of books which one may, can, might, could, would or should read. To every one according to his tastes or abilities is probably the safest rule as to quality. On the side of quantity there are some rather useful hints given by Henri Mazel, the French critic, in "What a Man Must Read in His Lifetime," as translated in the New York *World*:

With the reading of three authors a year, on the average, a few more during youth, much fewer as old age approaches, one cannot dread fatigue. If the proposed author seems to you to repeat himself in a too facile abundance, read only two or three volumes of him; if he enthrall you, let yourself be drawn on; you will not die by having swallowed in one year twenty-two volumes of Saint Simon or fifty of Balzac!

This regular course, from year to year, will not forbid you extras. There are robust digestions that can assimilate a volume a day. These may exceed the normal dose, and if their card for one year bear the name of Shakespeare they can add to the principal dish all the *entrées* of his contemporaries, all the *hors d'oeuvres* of his imitators, and all the pastries of his critics, commentators, historiographers, and so forth.

On the other hand, men who are absorbed by their occupations may excuse themselves from reading the entire works of the great William, but they can still, at the rate of one drama a month, make themselves familiar with a dozen of his best works—and that is well. Between these two doses—a volume every three months and a book every day—all appetites can be suited.

I take for my average type the man who, the duties of his profession performed and his worldly distractions provided for, can set aside three or four evenings a week in his study. Out of these the time needed for his own work and his technical studies, also for running through the newspapers or the "books of the day," must be taken; but there will remain enough time for him to read, according to circumstances, one book a week, a fortnight, or a month. From twelve to fifty volumes a year is pretty good, if they be well chosen. The choice of books is an important matter; these faithful friends are also terrible revealers. Would you know what



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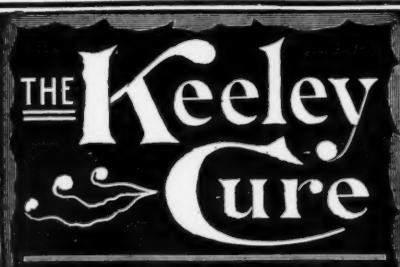
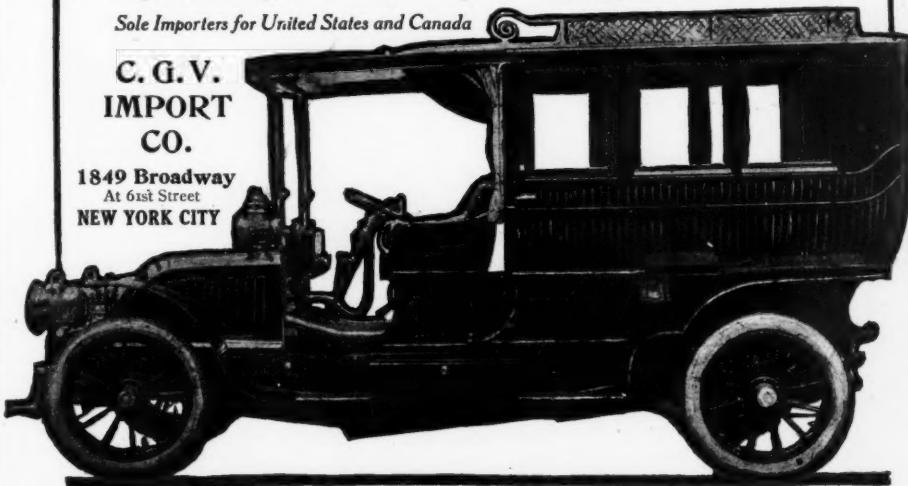
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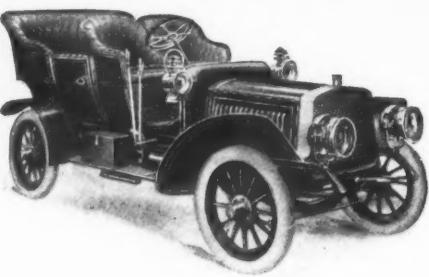
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Are you in doubt as to what car you want? Well, telephone any of our Mitchell agents and say, "Show me a Mitchell, and if I'm satisfied I'll buy." Then he'll come around with a 30-35 H. P. \$2,000 Mitchell and take you and the doubt for a spin of 150 miles—any time you say—and again next day—and again the next, so that you will cover some 500 miles and run up against every test an automobile will ever encounter. If you will do this, we can convince you that the *Mitchell* is the car you want.

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make a treat that is so complete one wonders how they ever got along without it.

It's rough going without it.



a man is mentally worth? Ask him what book he has reread most often in his life. . . .

M. Mazel's programme is a carefully prepared one. It does not neglect to provide for the changes of taste which come with advancing years, and which must be taken into account if reading is to be—as, of course, it should be—a pleasure as well as a labor:

To throw a little light upon this programme for a whole life, periods of seven years each may be laid out. During the first period, from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-four, poets and romancers should be read; the second, from twenty-five to thirty-one, should be consecrated to the great poets of other lands, to the classics, to the ancient historians. The third, from thirty-two to thirty-eight, to the great antique poets, to modern politics, to old chroniclers. The fourth, from thirty-nine to forty-five, to our classic poets and to our contemporary novelists, also to the great philosophers and to the authors of memoirs of recent centuries. The fifth, from forty-six to fifty-two, should be devoted to our great thinkers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the ancient philosophers, to recent authors of memoirs. The sixth and last, from fifty-three to fifty-nine, to the highest religious authors.

POULTNEY BIGELOW has a slapping article in the *Bookman* about the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe, recently published by the Macmillans, in which he states that the Prince was "a man of the world in the opera-box and champagne-supper sense, but of the great working and voting and fighting world he was as innocent as a nursery-maid in a conning tower."

The most popular books of the last year are: "The House of Mirth," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The House of a Thousand Candles," "Lady Baltimore," "The Jungle," "Coniston."

Irving Bacheller is hunting for grizzlies in the West.

Gorky's new novel is called "The Mother," and will be published in English before it appears in other languages.

There is said to be a new Sir Walter Scott wave approaching.

There ought to be a society for the suppression of books on the Immortality of the Soul. These are written usually by Unitarian clergymen (witness the last, by Charles Fletcher Dole).

Those who believe in the immortality of the soul, as a rule, don't care to read anything about it, and those who don't believe in it know there is no evidence either for or against it that is worth talking about.

The *Book News Monthly* has a criticism of Bliss Perry's "Life of Walt Whitman," in which it says:

Mr. Perry seems to have fallen into some errors of fact, which is a matter of much more serious importance. The most flagrant instance of this kind occurs on pages 123 and 124, where the author makes this charge against Whitman: "He persuaded one man of letters, then recently married, to intrust to him the whole of a slender fortune, which was straightway lost in speculation. His friend brought suit to recover, but it was like trying to coin a vacuum."

Now, unless this reveals a hitherto unpublished transaction, it refers to a story circulated some years ago, and absolutely refuted.

Another rather serious error occurs on page 270.



"Many friends who contributed, out of their slender means, to his weekly support . . . were surprised that in 1891 he had spent nearly \$4,000 upon a massive tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, and that during his last illness, when he was supposed to be penniless, he had several thousand dollars in the bank."

Now this is all wrong. His friends knew all about the tomb, and those who contributed were well able to do so. Their contributions were to provide the old man with comforts, not to keep him from starvation. No one believed him penniless who listened to what he said himself, when his English friends made their appeal, for then he had distinctly disclaimed extreme poverty. Besides, he had his brother "Eddie" to provide for. A few thousand dollars in the bank is not a very munificent provision for the rainy days that were then continuously there.

MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS and the Parents' National Educational Union in England, says the *Sun*, have arranged a guide to children's books, divided into sections according to age, subject, etc. Books to be read aloud to children are distinguished from books that children read to themselves. Some one has remarked that they considered Jane Austen too grown up for a girl of fourteen, to which the *Academy* replies: "It is, in our opinion, much better for a child to read Jane Austen or some other book above his intelligence, and understand a little, than to read a book below his intelligence and understand it all."

THE *Dial* calls attention to a retreat for literary workers and other brain-weary and world-weary folk—a sort of conventional settlement of a nonreligious kind that is planned by a Swiss gentleman named Bignami. In a circular outlining his project he invites those who feel a craving for retirement and isolation, and an opportunity to commune with their souls in quiet, to join him and others like-minded in forming a community, whose exact location seems not yet determined. Weariness of the struggle and discord and aimless rush of modern life, he argues, make necessary such a retreat, and he hopes to gather together a congenial group of tired workers, literary men, journalists, artists, scientists even, to enjoy fraternal intercourse in an atmosphere of tolerance, liberty and friendliest brotherhood.

LIFE can mention several American authors that it would like to have go into such a retirement—provided, of course, that they might never be heard from again.

KATE SANBORN, who writes literary criticisms for the *New England Magazine*, is full of "ginger." In commenting on Bliss Perry's "Life of Walt Whitman," she says, writing of Walt:

I met him once in Germantown at a home famous for its hospitality and the notables who loved to go there; and know he was urged to leave out of the next edition certain poems. But no was the only answer. It was Art and must never be disturbed. Miss Willard was also a guest and Walt was rude to her; said he hated a crusading temperance fanatic, especially a woman. She was perfectly unruffled and he left the room. But before long he returned and apologized in the sweetest way. Up stairs Frances said to me, "What a grand old man to be willing to own he was sorry for his remarks."

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Heroes

TARKINGTON'S bucks are of courtly stuff;

Major's knights, at a pinch, will do;

Howells's heroes are well enough;

Hopkinson Smith's have a healthy hue;

Barrie's Scots are a kalsome brew;

Parker's Canuck very likely drinks;

Give me the man with his mind in kinks

(Benedict be he, or squire of dames),

Who tells what he thinks he thinks he thinks—

Give me the hero of Henry James!

Wister's cowboys are slightly tough;

London lands but a truculent crew;

A little too much inclined to bluff

Is Harding Davis's civilized Sioux;

Hall Caine's sufferers wear their rue

With little indifference. Each one slinks

Away, and the dazzled reader blinks,

When some psychic problem he tackles and tames—

From mental muddles he never shrinks—

Give me the hero of Henry James!

Garland's granglers are gritty, if gruff;

Hope's smart bachelors wittily woo;

Weyman's worthies are up to snuff;

Conan Doyle's never lack a clue;

But, alas! at a glance you can look them through!

No matter in what gay clothes he prinks,

Who cares for a character full of chinks?

Such transparency, his make-up shames;

Cards and spades he can give the Sphinx—

Give me the hero of Henry James!

ENVOY

Ho! Sir Critic, with eye of lynx

That sleeps not ever, nor even winks,

Scan me the field with its clash of claims;

Then take your choice; as for me, i-jinks!

Give me the hero of Henry James!

—Century.

THEL WATTS MUMFORD GRANT has been busy again, this time with Richard Butler Glaenzer, in concocting an "Auto Guest Book." There is a large amount of paper—but it is good paper—and there are diffuse illustrations—but they are good ones—and what the book lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. Altogether a fetching book. Here are some good things, taken from it with the permission of Messrs. Paul Elder and Company, the publishers:

To speed is human; to be caught is—fine!

They that are slain by the auto, die not in the odor of sanctity.

It is a short ride that hath no mending.

All that glitters does not go.

As a man, bless thou the name of Adam; but, as an autoist, the name of Macadam.

Take care of the pennies; the garage will take care of the dollars.

Little ditches cause big fears.

Haste makes "chased."

The chauffeur's maxim—better never than late! Spare the oil and spoil the ride.

A fair exchange is no garage.

There is but one make of motor cars—thine own.

The rest are a lot of queer machines on four wheels.

An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat.

Where there's a bill there's a way.

The last auto in the race: all is lost save odor.



Lines to a Literary Man in Love

LOVER, if you would Landor now,
And my advice will Borrow,
Raleigh your courage, storm her Harte—
In other words, be Thoreau.

You'll have to Stowe away some Sand,
For doubtless you'll Findlater
That to secure the maiden's hand
Hugo and tackle Pater.

Then Hunt a Church to Marryatt,
An Abbott for the splice;
And as you Rideout afterWard
You both must Dodge the Rice.

Next, on a Heaven-Gissing Hill,
A Grant of Land go buy,
Whence will be seen far Fields of Green,
All Hay and Romany Rye.

Here a two-Story House-man builds;
The best of Holmes is it.
You make sure that on its Sill
The dove of peace Hazlitt.

"Hough does one Wright this Motley verse,
This airy persiflage?"
Marvell no Morris to Howitt's Dunne,
Just Reade Watson this Page!

—Elizabeth Dickson Conover in Putnam's Magazine.

EXCUSES are clothes, which asked unawares,
Good breeding to naked necessity spares."

—The News.

Justice Rebuked

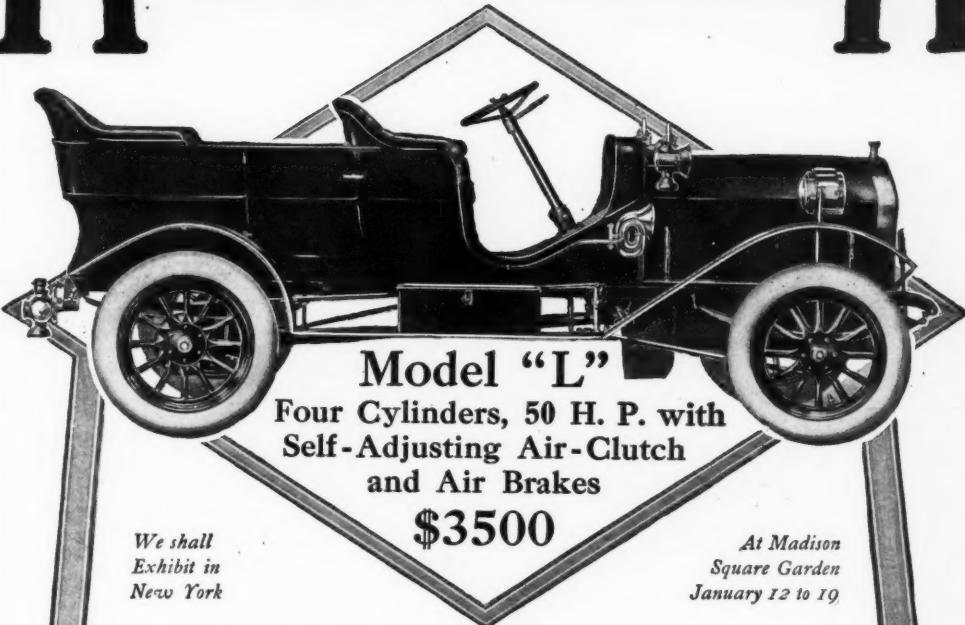
WHEN that well-known illustrator, Martin Justice, first came to New York he hopefully sought the offices of one of the leading magazines with a bundle of drawings under his arm. The way to the art editor's sanctum led then, as it does now, along a broad corridor whose walls were lined with original drawings by such men as Maxfield Parrish, C. D. Gibson, Andre Castaigne and a host of others. As he strode along the young artist paused before first one and then another of these framed pictures. The farther he went the less confident grew his step. Like sentinels on duty, they seemed to challenge him: "Advance and give the countersign!" In a sudden panic, Justice turned about and fled. And it was four years before he summoned up courage to go there with his work. This fateful corridor, at once so inspiring and so disheartening, has long since been dubbed "the morgue" because of the many fond hopes buried en route.

The Annual Test

"I'M GLAD they didn't adopt spelling reform," said the man of slow mentality.
"It might have been a good thing."
"Not for me. It would have kept me worried for years. It's going to take me three weeks merely to learn to write '1907' instead of '1906.'"
—Washington Star.

"WOMAN will always be a mystery."
"That's right; see the way they take to bridge, and one of the rules of the game is that you mustn't talk."—Detroit Free Press.

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Model "L" is the complete expression of the genius and originality of Northern design thoroughly wrought out in the Northern shops—not a gathering of ideas from here, there and everywhere. Our position as leaders in automobile design, presenting new and vital principles in automobile construction, has never been questioned.

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—are five years ahead—why not ride with the leader? Let the other
fellow ride with the followers.

Look at the car. No other like it. Long, low, rangy, handsome. Strength and fleetness in every line. Northern Self-Adjusting Air-Clutch eliminates clutch troubles. No jerking, no slipping. Positive, instantaneous, perfect. It's the clutch that clutches.

Other Important Points. Air brakes operated from steering column—wonderfully effective and reliable. Tires inflated by compressed air. Off-set cylinders (same as our 1906 models) increase power, decrease wear—no cylinder knock. Off-set Single Cam Shaft (same as our 1906 models) saves wear on cams, uses minimum power and keeps valves in accurate time. Northern Patent Compensating Spring Suspension—in rear—does away with road shocks—Model "L" rides as easily, comfortably and smoothly as a Turkish Rocker. Entire Control on steering column—but it's impossible to enumerate all the surprising and comfortable features of this car—we can only repeat—it is five years in advance. Send for the details which prove its leadership in reliability, efficiency and safety.

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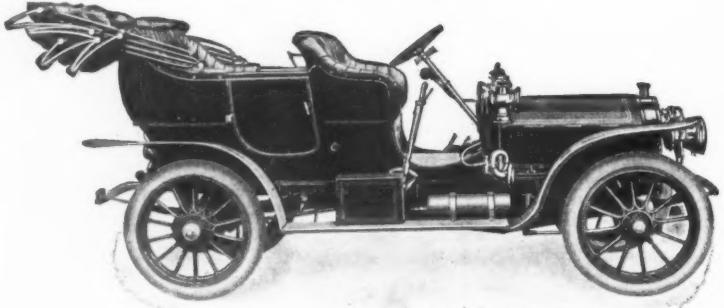
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Why has the STODDARD-DAYTON climbed to the top of the ladder in two years?

Why has it attained such wide-spread popularity and such a splendid reputation in so short a time?

In 1905, the first year the STODDARD-DAYTON touring car appeared, it met with immediate and emphatic favor, and our entire output was quickly snapped up by motor-wise people. In 1906, the second year, our sales showed

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over the first season's production. Already orders on our books for 1907 are over 400 per cent. above our entire 1906 output. Compare these figures with those of some of the older makers.

Why have these results been obtained?

We will tell you—

FIRST: Because the car has genuine merit and has proven it in many a contest and on many a long tour.

SECOND: Because it is honestly made in our own factory and is sold at an honest price.

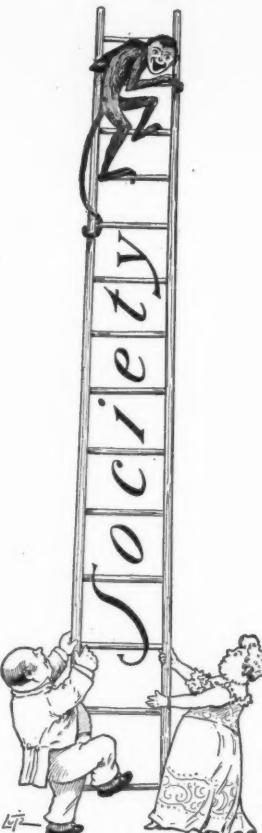
THIRD: Because it has beautiful lines, is extremely silent, is light in weight and yet very powerful.

Model-F-a 5-passenger touring car, 30-35 H. P., equipped with our new Stoddard-Dayton motor, more powerful than last year's engine; 4 cylinders (4½ x 5 inches); sliding gear transmission, selective type; 3 speeds and reverse; 34 inch wheels; enclosed fenders, and strut rods which take all strain off rear springs, now hung in shackles at both ends.

Price \$2,500 with full lamp equipment. BETTER than cars costing more.
Our 1907 Booklet will interest YOU.

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IT IS ONLY THE MOST AGILE WHO MAY HOPE TO ASPIRE TO THE TOP RUNGS OF THE SOCIAL LADDER

The Most Expensive Author

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, in his seventy-eighth year, discusses problems in mathematics and literature, and indulges in the gentle art of writing sonnets with much of the ardency of his earlier years. A French writer says that to get an interview with him two things are necessary—first, you must be in Stockholm, and, second, you must not be a newspaper man. Oscar is the tallest of sovereigns, with the whitest of beards and hair, and with quick, alert movements.

"The newspapers," he says, "have a perfect mania for sending their editors to me to make me talk politics. Some of the magazines order signed articles, consenting to let me choose my own subjects and offering me truly royal remuneration."

An American magazine, name not given, serenely offered \$20 a word! Which shows that King Oscar has admirers in America. These offers, however, are regarded as "impudent," and are unnoticed save in conversation.

One of King Oscar's bon mots shows his vivacity.

"Is not your Majesty shocked to see the Court of Sweden invaded by republicans?"

"Not at all. I greatly like republicans—in other countries!"—*Rochester Herald*.

HER HUSBAND (*angrily*): I was a fool when I married you.

His WIFE: Aren't you a fool still?

"No, I am not."

"Then you should congratulate me upon my success as a reformer."—*Chicago Daily News*.



A luxury that is also the best tonic in the world. Lighter than other Stouts, and not sour.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, Agents, N. Y.

Growth of Western Cities

A PROPOS of the mushroom growth of new towns on the Western frontier, a locomotive engineer relates the following:

"One day I was driving my engine across the prairie when suddenly a considerable town loomed up ahead where nothing had showed up the day before.

"What town's this?" says I to my fireman.

"Blamed if I know," says Bill. "It wasn't here when we went over the road yesterday."

"Well, I slowed down, and directly we pulled into the station, where over five hundred people were waiting on the platform to see the first train come in.

"The conductor came along up front and says to me:

"Jim, first we know we'll be running by some important place. Get this town down on your list and I'll put a brakeman on the rear platform to watch out for towns that spring up after the train gets by!"—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Use for a Powerful Voice

AT THE close of a grand ball a celebrated actor of the Court Theatre in Berlin stands in the passage waiting for friends.

A beautiful and fashionably dressed lady approaches him and says: "Beg pardon, have I the honor to see before me our famous Herr Donnerstimme, whose powerful and sonorous voice I had the pleasure of admiring last night in 'Macbeth'?" Might I ask you to do me a little favor?"

"I am quite at your service, madam."

"Then will you be good enough to call out in the street in your loudest tones for the carriage of Baroness Swartz?"—*Tit-Bits*.

WHEN Henry W. Savage and Manager Ralph Edmunds were in Paris last summer, gathering a cast for "Madam Butterfly," Jean De Reszke arranged a little "affair" at his home in order that Mr. Savage might hear some new voices. The Yankee Colonel tells of it:

"In the course of our conversation I asked De Reszke: 'Have you many Americans studying with you?'

"Some," he answered, "but I wish there were more."

"Why?"

"Because they are the best. The finest voices in the world come from America. The biggest, the purest, the most dramatic. I don't know why it is so. I merely know that it is so."

"During his visit to the United States, Titu Ricordi said to me: 'I cannot understand the temper of your people. To me they are a paradox. Here in the United States you have greater demand for grand opera than in any other country. Here, too, you have the best supply of natural singers. Yet, instead of producing your musical classics in English, with casts of native singers, you go abroad and pay enormous prices for men and women with foreign names and foreign titles. I presume that it is due to the same inexplicable national characteristic which dictates the publishing of your menu in languages which 90 per cent. of the diners cannot read.'"

Puccini's "Butterfly," by the way, is produced with Ricordi's help this holiday season in Paris.
—*New York Evening Sun*.

Up they go.

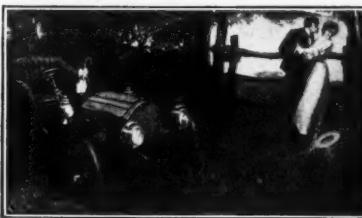
MILLER'S MARK HANGS HIGH

MILLER BREWING CO.

MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.

LIFE'S PRINTS

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TROUBLE WITH THE SPARKER

After W. Balfour Ker

Photogravure in Sepia, 20 by 15 in.

\$1.00

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17W. 31ST ST., NEW YORK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Every standard magazine of wide circulation carries some automobile advertising; some of them particularly fitted for the work carry a great deal of it. The following table shows which of the popular periodicals were chosen to do the great part of the work of selling the 40,000 motor cars made in this country during the year 1906.

AUTOMOBILE ADVERTISING IN 1906

Publications	Lines	Publications	Lines
Collier's	45,956	Everybody's	26,068
Life	38,691	Post	25,712
McClure's	35,892	Rev. of Rev.	25,616
Century	26,614	Scribner's	25,340

This table shows in agate lines the amount of actual motor advertising (without any account of space devoted to accessories and appliances) carried by each of the eight leaders.

A comparison of this record for 1906 with those of previous years will show that in the main the same publications have been chosen year after year.

A FOUR YEARS' RECORD

1903	1904	1905	1906
Collier's, 30,585	Collier's, 32,503	Collier's, 45,378	Collier's, 45,956
Post, 23,585	Post, 29,030	Post, 45,239	Post, 38,691
McClure's, 20,136	McClure's, 26,244	McClure's, 33,480	McClure's, 35,892
Harper's, 18,098	Harper's, 22,396	Harper's, 31,548	Century, 26,614
Scribner's, 16,453	Life, 20,350	Harper's, 29,568	Ev'y'b'dy's, 26,068
Century, 15,232	Century, 18,934	Scribner's, 27,440	Post, 25,712

There can be only one explanation of this persistent favoring of Collier's and one or two other periodicals: *it pays*. During these four years automobile manufacturers and agents have had abundant opportunity to experiment and to prove. These shrewd business men do not award their advertising by whim or sentiment—when they find a profitable medium they stick to it.



Letters

"S LIPINSKI," said Mr. Hammerheimer, laying aside the newspaper with a sigh. "Slipinski, aindt it awful? So much of dot Dear Maria unt dot Dear Teodore peesness gif to me such a sickishness, so much too much of it, Slipinski, dot I don't got time to got well before I got it again."

"Who iss dot Dear Maria?"

"Who iss she? Py Grismas! Who aindt she, Slipinski. She iss der vooman who for Mr. Rosenfeldt when he iss ound of work finds for him a chop unt gets him to pe President bromoted."

"So? She keeps a intelligencer office, aindt it?"

"Goot, Slipinski, dot's goot, a intelligencer office iss great. All kinds of hellup furnished—dot's fine, but let me, Slipinski, because I am a older unt may be a petter man as you, let me blease advise mit you for a moment. Listen, Slipinski. If you go into bolitics, unt you may, unt if you do not go into bolitics, unt you may not, no matter vot you do, don't you, don't you, Slipinski, call dot udder feller's wife py her first name; unt if you must to her a letter write, if you must, I say, a letter write, go to her mit dot letter unt hold it py your hand unt read it to her, unt when you come avay, don't, don't come away mitoudt you got dot letter."

"Unt if I come avay mit dot letter, vot shall I mit dot letter do?"

"Purn it, Slipinski, purn it tam kervick, unt, if you don't got a fire, eat it, eat it, Slipinski, unt chew it fine. Do you hear me, chew it fine, unt don't you spit it ound, but swallow it, swallow it, Slipinski, if you don't you may like der President got to eat it later. Before you got time to chew it, unt it might choke you."

"Choke me!"

"Sure, Slipinski, choke you, unt now I am speaking mit you, some more advice let me gif to you. Don't fight, Slipinski, don't fight, but if you must fight, fight men, fight men, Slipinski. Make up if you like unt fight again, fight dogs, fight lions, tigers, snakes, elephants, but nefer, nefer, Slipinski, mix it up mit a vooman."

"Vy not?"

"Pecause, Slipinski, it iss saidt unt it iss truly saidt, hell got notings kervite so hot if you pick it up as a vooman vot is mat mit you."

"Iss dot so?"

"Bositive."

"Iss Mr. Rosenfeldt of your beeble?"

"Nein, Slipinski; der Bresident from der early Dutch comes down. I haf from der late Dutch come up."

"Iss he so old as you?"

"So old as me? A poy, Slipinski, iss alvays a poy until he iss a man."

"Unt iss he not a man if he iss no longer a poy?"

"How can he no longer pe a poy if he got all der voolishness of der poy, yet already, I ask you, Slipinski, how can he?"

"He can if he vill, aindt it?"

"But vill he?"

"Not yet, but afterwards."

"I hope it iss."—*Hartjord Times*.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
(After Rembrandt)

The Stage Driver's Bluff

AS WE left Sandy Gulch for Rising Sun there were six male passengers to go by the stage, and the route was over the mountains and full of chances of disaster. The driver came out from breakfast as soon as the stage was ready, and looking about on the passengers he selected a small, pale-faced man and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was climbing up the driver whispered to the rest of us:

"I picked him out in order to scare him to death. You fellows will see a heap of fun before we've gone ten miles!"

Two minutes west of the gulch the roadway made a sudden turn, with a sheer fall of a hundred feet down to Wild Cat Creek, and the driver put his horses at the gallop and said to the man:

"We may get around all right, or we may fetch up down below. Hold yer breath and say yer prayers!"

The passenger made no move and did not change countenance, and, after making the course all right, the rider rather indignantly demanded:

"Didn't you see that the off wheel run within a foot of the edge of the precipice?"

"It ran within six inches, sir!" was the reply.

Beyond the curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The five of us inside had to hang on for dear life and every half minute the stage seemed bound to go over.

"Did ye know that if we'd happened to have struck a rock we'd all been dead men in no time?"

"Of course."

"And ye wasn't prayin'?"

"Not at all."

Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice, and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach. We were flung in a heap and frightened half to death, but the man beside the driver never lost a puff of his cigar. When things were safe the driver turned on him with:

"That surely was the brink of the grave."

"Guess it was," was the quiet reply.

"The closest shave you will ever hev until the last one comes."

"Yes."

"See here, now, but what sort of a critter ar' you?" was the query. "Don't you know 'nuff to git skeart?"

"Nothing has happened yet to scare me."

"But mebbe ye want me to drive plumb over a precipice a thousand feet high?"

"If you conveniently can. The fact is, driver, I came off up here intending to commit suicide, and if you can dump the whole of us over some cliff you'll oblige me."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Lucky 13

ON AN American twenty-five cent piece there are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen feathers in each of the eagle's wings, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel bars in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow-heads, thirteen leaves on the branch, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar."—*New York Tribune*.

Harrison
The Car Without a Crank

Simply press a push button and the motor will start every time by means of acetylene gas.

The Harrison has the highest motor quality and several new features of convenience that other high grade cars do not have.

From the seat you can:

START THE MOTOR	LIGHT THE LAMPS	TEST THE SPARK PLUGS
TEST THE COILS	CLEAN THE CAR OF DUST	

The tires are inflated automatically. Price, \$5000, including full equipment. Catalogue on request.

HARRISON MOTOR CO. GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

NO LIBRARY should be without a complete set of LIFE. Bound Volumes of LIFE, Four Dollars each for the later volumes bound in red and gold, green and gold and full black. Prices of the earlier volumes and complete sets made known on application. The issues of LIFE for six months constitute a volume. To those who send unbound copies in good condition the price of the bound volume will be Two Dollars.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
19 West Thirty-first Street, New York City

Williams' Shaving Stick



A MAN who shaves every morning applies a lather to his face and scrapes that face 365 times a year. When one application of a mustard plaster is felt a considerable depth below the skin, you can realize how bad for the face an impure shaving soap is.

The least that an impure soap will do is to render the face rough and sore. The great danger is that it will poison the system, working through the open pores of the moistened and sensitive face.

The safeguard is to use Williams' Shaving Soap every day in the year, because it is pure, soothing and emollient.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size) enough for 50 shaves. Address

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.
London Paris Berlin Sidney

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The men who smoke them, and the places where you find them—these are the truest tests of cigarette quality.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

represent the highest standard of excellence ever obtained. They are invariably first choice in the most exclusive clubs and among the most critical smokers.

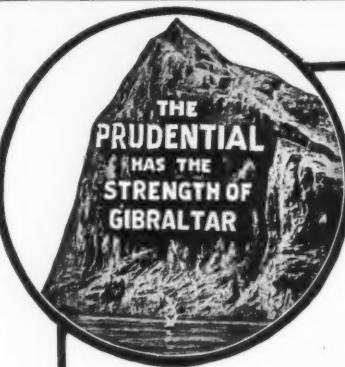
No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

RIGHT: 1904 S. ANARGYROS

Egyptian Scenes—The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes

LIFE



"This is Your Time"

You are strong and well now, and business is good, and you don't really see why you should bother about Life Insurance just yet.

But others see. The little mother in black, with her three children, the family of a man you once knew, would find it very convenient just now, to have a few thousands of insurance money to tide her over until she can learn how to earn her living. He, your friend, before he left, said more than once that he would take out insurance—"some other time." But he couldn't control the time. Nor can you.

Better write now for facts about the policy you would like. Write The Prudential to-day. It has every good kind.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N.J.
Dept. O.

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES



GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE



Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York

LIFE



A QUICK SPARKER

*Jackson Spot (having collided with the Rockerbill machine, and finding Miss R—— in his arms): AH, WILL YOU BE MINE?
Miss R——: THIS IS SO SUDDEN!*

Some People

I SING you a very strange song
(And the fact it is just as I cite)—
Some people will stop at no wrong
Just to make other people do right!

Justice with Sauce Mayonnaise

THE punishment of influential offenders still goes on with relentless cruelty. That a reluctant grand jury should apologize to Messrs. Fairchild and Perkins for indicting them was very graceful. It may infuriate the proletariat, but that is a detail.

Was the grand jury afraid of—what?

According to our lucid contemporary, *The World*, "the plea that Mr. Perkins and Mr. Fairchild were acting for the policy-holders hardly arises to the dignity of being asinine. The policy-holders did not ask Mr. Perkins and Mr.

Fairchild to cook the books of the New York Life Insurance Company; they did not ask them to bunco the Prussian Government; they did not ask them to get new business under false pretenses. The policy-holders would have been very well satisfied with an honest business conducted along legitimate lines. But whether they would have been satisfied or not, it is quite as much a felony to commit forgery for the benefit of policy-holders as from any other motive. It is the intention of the law that there shall be no forgery at all, for any purpose whatsoever."

Such is not, however, the prevalent Wall Street opinion.

Quits

THE WIFE: I only wish I knew as much about you before I married you.
"Well, it was just my luck that you didn't!"

San Francisco Schools

IF STATE control of San Francisco schools conflicts with anybody's treaty rights it is the treaty that will go, not local control of schools. To protect Japanese life and property soldiers can be used anywhere, and to any extent necessary, and the nation will heartily approve. Our Government is rightly bound to safeguard aliens, but if it is bound to constrain any State to provide them with schooling against its will, it ought to get unbound at once.

All the same, though, it may possibly be wise in San Francisco to exclude the grown-up Japanese from the schools where the children go. Excluding the Japanese *children* from the public schools seems a proceeding not to be justified, as we understand it, by solicitude for the interests of the children of San Francisco.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX JANUARY 17, 1907. NO. 1264.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE State of New York starts the year with an interesting new Governor, who undoubtedly wants to do his duty by the people of the State and realize the hopes of the voters who elected him. Mr. Hughes gives preliminary tokens of being qualified for his job. He goes into office quite unfettered by political obligations of any kind. The Republican politicians who have run the State for years past have no claim on him, and do not pretend to have any. If the Legislature will support him he will have a clear road to give us all the benefits that he can think out.

Those that he has suggested in his message are fairly radical, but are commended as based on sound reasons and familiarity with laws and conditions as they exist. He favors the recount of the late Mayoralty vote in New York, the recount which Mr. Hearst tried to get and couldn't. He would take away from the State's Attorney-General the power to authorize actions to test title to office, and confer that power on the Supreme Court. He also asks the Legislature to change the form of the ballot and make it more like the Massachusetts ballot; also to permit direct nominations in certain cases; also to abolish the State Railroad Commission, the Gas and Electricity Commission and the New York City Rapid Transit Commission, and replace them with two new boards, which should do the work of the three old ones and have increased powers to enable them to do it effectually. One of these boards would look after public-service corporations in the city of New York, the other in the rest of the State.

Undeniably, Governor Hughes shows a vigorous disposition to mend matters that need mending. Our election laws

need improvement, and our public-service corporations need much better oversight, especially those that have to do with transportation in this city. These are the chief matters to which he has directed his attention, and it seems to be skilled attention.

The Democrats have all the State offices except the Governorship, and might do something for the good of the State if they were fit. Their choice of minority leaders in the Assembly and State Senate indicates that no edifying display of statesmanship can be expected from them, though possibly some of the State officers may turn out well.



VERY interesting disparities of opinion obtain about the state of the times, the question being whether or not the microbe has yet been hatched which is to abate our abounding prosperity. Very able observers think that it has, and some of them go so far as to name it, and insist that it is called Theodore; others equally able insist that we are doing finely, and that there is no visible reason why we should not keep right on coining money and spending it. The venerable Mr. Rockefeller croaks in a conservative key; Mr. Stuyvesant Fish discloses that he has got out his umbrella and is looking for bad weather; Secretary Shaw finds us suffering a good deal from congested prosperity and doesn't like our symptoms. On the other hand, Mr. Rothschild, of Europe, thinks we are in no danger of suffering from hard times, and Mr. George Gould, sundry Chicago financiers and many others think Mr. Fish unduly disconsolate and are looking for another business year at least as good as 1906.

A sufficient scare to moderate the activities of Wall Street would probably do us no harm. For the rest, it does not seem to matter vitally whether in due time we are pinched in our pockets or smashed up in a railroad accident. Both are unpleasant, but it seems as if one or the other must happen to some of us. The railroad accidents are beating all records. Just now they come daily and clean up from five to fifty lives apiece. Mr. James J. Hill is charged by the newspapers as saying that the overcrowding of the railroads is such that from two to three trains enter at times into every

block of every system in the country. Apparently, the chief trouble is that the railroads are overwhelmed with business, and in their struggle to take care of it take formidable risks. It is making travel a hazardous experience.



AFTER President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad died, there was a report that he had left a fortune of eighty or ninety millions. Probably he could have left such a fortune if he had bestowed his mind on the making of it, for he had extraordinary opportunities to get money. But later and more credible information put the value of his estate at about five million dollars. He probably had all of that when he became president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and that he did not have more, implies that in the later years of his life he paid very little attention to filling his own pockets.

It is rather a relief to find that Mr. Cassatt was content with an ample fortune and did not concern himself to make it a huge one, because he was a man whose character and career are so consoling to so many observers that it is pleasanter to feel that for the great work of the last years of his life he did not take his pay in dollars. When Frank Thompson died unexpectedly, and Mr. Cassatt was summoned to be president of the Pennsylvania, he was sixty years old, had good health, a sufficient fortune and was enjoying life. He obeyed the summons from a gallant sense of obligation. It was known at the time that he recognized that the work would kill him before his time, but he had the training and the capacity for it, and when it called to him, the soldier in him could not turn away. He took the job, and a tremendous job it proved to be. He administered it with splendid courage, with great ability and with a high and honorable integrity which those who know the most about his standards, his labors and the difficulties he faced, can best appreciate. He died before his time, as he had anticipated.

We must not allow ourselves to imagine that all the railroad men are pirates, and that all the virtue that is concerned with their business is concentrated in the Interstate Commerce Commission.



LIFE OFFERS A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW



DEAR LIFE:

Your remarks about the pay of the Army (issue of December 8) have raised hopes in the breast of every officer who has read them. Whenever a measure is advocated in your columns, dollars to doughnuts it is a good one. The great majority of your readers realize this. Therefore, what you say has a great deal of weight throughout the entire country. It makes the reader think. If the lawmakers can be induced to give this subject a little thought, they will see the truth of your statements and the force of your arguments. They will realize that "The fact that the pay of the Army has not been changed for thirty-five years really means that in that period it has been reduced at least one-third," and relief may be hoped for.

Everything you can say on the subject will be appreciated by all the other officers in the Army, and

Your correspondent,
A. B. J. SHAVETAIL.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

To THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: Upon reading your correspondence with a Y. M. C. A. gentleman, published in LIFE of December 13, I venture to send you the following:

O Journal of the kindly heart,
The agile tongue, the seeing eye,
That piercest with unerring dart
Our fond pretense and pompous lie.

Long may your cheerful page adorn
The generous thought, the timely word,
And long your pen and pencil's scorn
Prove Greed and Folly both absurd.

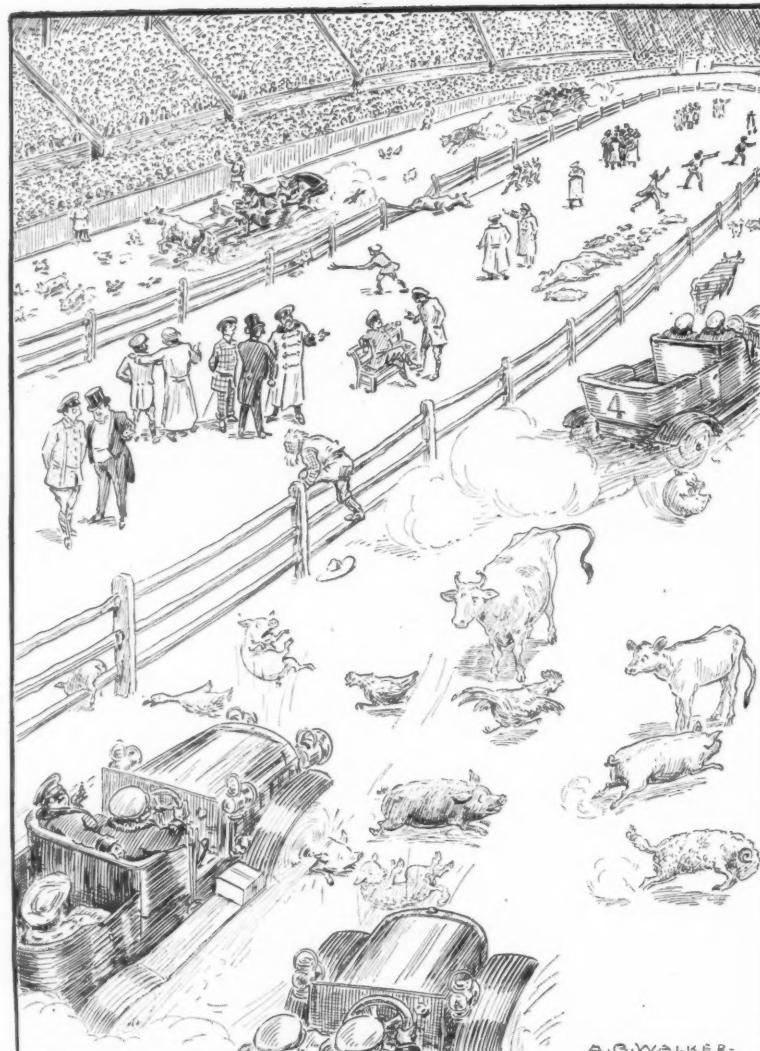
Very truly yours,
HARRIET H. STANLEY.

December 10, 1906.

ORACLE, ARIZ.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Dear Life: Your cover of December 13, "The Call of the Wild," I showed to a cow-puncher riding by the other day. He looked it over silently and then asked: "Where did this come from?" I told him that it came from New York. He shook his head and said: "I have heard of these New Yorkers, and have been told a feller could get action on his money there, but, I tell you, pard, that picture won't make no hit out here, for the hoss is branded on the wrong side." He hesitated a few seconds and continued: "After all, I may be a little off in finding fault with the picture. Maybe that's the



THE AUTO SHOW AT THE GARDEN

CLASS A—CHAUFFEUR TEST: DRIVING HEAVY TOURING CARS ON COUNTRY ROADS

way they brand them in New York." He said no more, and rode off quietly over the trail, possibly picturing to himself a branding scene in New York City.

Upon scrutinizing the picture, I found that "Arizona Joe" was correct—the brand "West" was on the right hip, instead of the left.

Pardon my calling your attention to the above conversation, but I thought it would interest you to know what a real cow-puncher, who agreed with the sentiment but not the detail, thought of such a picture.

Yours truly,
December 19, 1906. GEO. M. CLARK.

BOSTON, MASS.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Dear Life: You have fought and are fighting a good fight.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest." Ergo, your Christmas frontispiece is one of the best you have ever printed. The average man doesn't like to be hit where it hurts most.

This year poor LIFE, in pink pajamas, Gets naught for Christmas gifts but "hammers."

Yet still, in spite of all this "knocking," He'll see reward in next year's stocking.
December 21, 1906. J. T.

The Motor Driver

UNDER a crimson touring car
The motor driver sprawls.
A very mighty man is he,
Yet like a worm he crawls;
And first at this he takes a tug,
And then at that he hauls.

He's covered o'er with dust and dirt,
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with oil and sweat,
He does whate'er he can,
And tinkers with most ev'ry place—
A very desperate man!

And children coming home from school
Look at him on the ground;
They love to see him lying there,
They love to hear him pound;
And then at last they see him rise,
And then the wheels go round.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the motor car of life
Our fortunes must be wrought.
We have to do much tinkering—
Though of a diff'rent sort.



"LOOK HERE! YOU ADVERTISED THIS AUTO. YOU SOLD ME TO GO FROM FOUR TO SIXTY MILES AN HOUR."
"YES, SIR. THAT'S RIGHT. FOUR MILES UP HILLS AND SIXTY DOWN."

Touring with an Auto

NOTHING is more enjoyable than touring the country with an auto. The following directions will be found valuable:

After you have mortgaged your house and got your auto, go over it carefully with a set of tools and a divining rod to see that it is kind and sound. Sometimes a loose nut or bolt

will leave the chassis without asking to be excused, and leave you alone with your wife, where there is no escape.

Take along plenty of tires and inner tubes. Remember that inner tubes are a necessity. Blow them up first to see that they are all right. Then stow them carefully away where they get the heat of the engine, so that they will be rotten enough when you want to use them. An only inner tube that is as brittle as punk is a splendid thing when you have a puncture. It makes for self-control.

If you have any room left in your tool box, be sure and fill it with money. You can, on an auto tour, get along without anything but money. If there is any doubt about this, throw the tools away.

Always take your wife along. Her kindly advice and friendly criticisms will be a source of constant comfort to you. When you want the top down, she will want it up. When you want to run on ten miles further to a hotel that is really good, she will be too tired to move. When you have fifty miles to make in two hours, her hair will have to be done all over. This will add to the variety of the trip.

If you have any babies, take them along also. A couple of babies and a trained nurse on an auto trip are highly desirable. Select a trained nurse with a good figure and an affectionate

disposition. Put your wife in the back seat, strap the babies on the rear, and have the nurse sit with you.

Examine your steering gear at frequent intervals. If it gets out of order, it will do so in spite of this, but in case you are dashed into a telegraph-pole and sent to kingdom come, you will afterward have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that you didn't do it without proper precautions being taken beforehand.

When the Pendulum Swings Back

ANOTHER generation had come and gone; a generation of lofty endeavor.

"These jumbles, dearest," he was saying, reaching for his fourth, with evident relish, "are just like my mother used to consider herself created for something better and higher and nobler than to make."

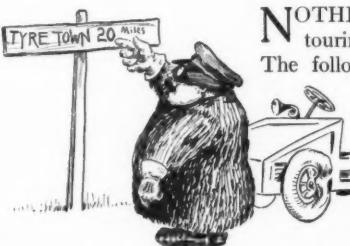
Our Want Column

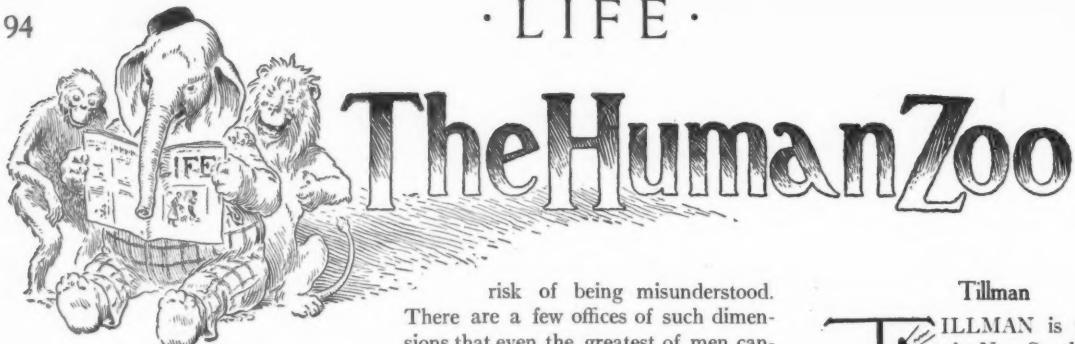
WANTED—Old-fashioned mothers to work upon babies. Those who do not care particularly for golf, women's clubs, the opera and bridge. Must be willing and obliging and able to sit up nights. In short, not afraid of work and trouble. Accomplishments not necessary. A fair working knowledge of the language is the only requirement.

ONE HUNDRED PRESIDENTS needed at once to work on railroad. Short hours and easy pay. The only requirement is that they be honest.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Several thousand rich men's sons who are willing to make themselves generally useful.

AUTHORS NEEDED—Several authors can be employed indefinitely on works of art, the only requirement being a large experience of life, a tremendous perseverance, no desire to make money, and an eagerness to attain perfection before publication.



**Taft**

SECRETARY WILLIAM TAFT, familiarly known as Bill, is the burden-bearer of the Administration, the sin-eater of the President and the Brooding Buddha on top of all the lids on all the political volcanoes within our jurisdiction. He has brains, patience, tact and tissue; he has the gift of tongues and the genius which is a compound of common sense and humor; he has placated Panama, pacified the Philippines and calmed Cuba; and he has a bee in his bonnet. A bee has a honey-sack and a sting; but the bee which would steer a bonnet and a statesman into the White House must distribute sweetness lavishly and stings stingly; and if Bill could only control the buzzings, gyrations and stings of the bronco bee now bossing the hive he might land 347 pounds of Taft in 1908.

Declining to be marooned in the Supreme Court, Bill entered the War Department and went to sit on the Cuban lid. While his back was turned the colored troops fought nobly in Brownsville and the Boss fired the coons heard round the world ever since. Had the Storm Center consulted Bill instead of his parlor Napoleons, peace might still be reigning and Taft be on velvet. As it is Moody has the Supreme Court, Foraker has a mortgage on the wood-pile and the colored person therein, Theodore has a case of temper, and Our Bill has an option on the lemon crop.

Sic transit gloria mundi; also the bee, the bonnet and Bill.

Ultra Vires

Of course, everybody knows the President spoke in a personal capacity, only.—*Public Print*.

WHEN a President of the United States essays to speak in a personal capacity, he runs a very considerable

risk of being misunderstood. There are a few offices of such dimensions that even the greatest of men cannot fill them and have much of any personal capacity left over. William cannot open his head but the voice of the Kaiser is heard. If Pius speaks Rome speaks, and the chair of Peter. And the President who has nothing to say as President, is safest to keep still.

Dead, Whether or No

ID E R H A G-GARD, the author of "She," is telling a good story apropos of that novel. Not long ago, he heard that a ballet, based on his romance, was to be produced at Budapest, and he wrote, asking for programmes and photographs. He received a letter in reply from the manager, saying that he had believed that the illustrious author was dead, as obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian newspapers. Mr. Haggard wrote again, and asked that the report of his death might be contradicted, but the manager replied that the editors refused to publish the contradiction, as they believed it to be a mere dodge to advertise the ballet.

Possibly

WHEN P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show" it was his rule to send complimentary tickets to clergymen, and the custom is continued to this day. Not long ago, after Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawks in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawks, tickets for the circus, with the compliments of the famous showman. Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment and then remarked:

"Dr. Hawks is dead and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they haven't met."

Tillman

TILLMAN is the hero of the New South, the *enfant terrible* of the Senate, a compound of gore, wind, papier-mâché and cotton batting. He is the champion of race homicide, the idol of the Carolina Wove Hats, the windiest warrior of the Cotton Belt, the apostle of assault and battery, and the greatest of gasoline patriots. He travels with pot-valiance and ten-sheet posters, laden with violence and vituperation, a reservoir of adjective, a fountain of fierce vulgarity, a distributor of dispensary jags, a negrophobe cannon-cracker exploding for the delight of Southern ferocity and Northern fatuity.

South Carolina has had slavery, secession, devastation, reconstruction and carpetbags, and now, as the capstone of her miseries, she has Tillman. Every time Ben bellows, "Fee, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a negro man," the South trembles as in the throes of an earthquake; but it is only Clay, Calhoun and the Southern great turning in their tombs. Tillman is the advance agent of that great reform which has stood the South upon its head, kicked culture and education out of politics, installed the corner grocery and cotton field in office, put a premium on brass and a ban on brains, made law a laughing stock and



JANUARY 27, 1907
WILLIAM II CELEBRATES THE FORTY-EIGHTH
ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

MORNING OR AFTERNOON, ANY HOUR NOT OTHERWISE ENGAGED

lynching a cult, and transformed the blackguard into a war-horse and the black man into a nightmare.

Dixie is derided since decency is dead; charivari has dethroned chivalry; Madison, Jefferson, Clay and Calhoun are has-beens; Tillman is the evangel of the sunny, sanguinary South; and Vardaman, Davis and the Georgian Hoke are the light and leading of the land.

Gloria in excelsis Tillman.

Joseph Smith.

"What's in a Name?"

THAT a citizen may not always vote as he shouts was demonstrated in the recent Congressional election in Maine. After the election Representative Littlefield approached a certain man and, extending his hand, said:

"I want to thank you, sir, for your support and vote in this election."

"B-b-b-but I d-d-d-idn't vote f-f-for you," the man, who stammers astonishingly, protested.

"Why, I thought you were one of my supporters; I certainly heard you, on several occasions, when asked for whom you were, say me."

"Th-th-tht's so," the man agreed; "b-b-but it was so much easier t-t-to say than"—with a desperate but triumphant effort—"Ma-ma-ma-McGil-gil-cud-cud-McGillicuddy!"

Le Dernier Cri

"JOHN," said the woman with nine chapeaux, "I got another new hat to-day."

"My dear!" expostulated her husband, "that is the last straw."

"I know it," she said; "just from Paris."

IT IS sometimes only one generation from the rum-bottle to the decanter.

LITTLE Fred's year older brother went for a week's visit to the country. Some one asked Fred how he liked to have his brother away. "I don't like it," he replied. "When he's gone I git all the spankin's."



JANUARY 21

SESSION OF ARIZONA LEGISLATURE BEGINS

• LIFE •

RUSSIAN OUTRAGE!

An American Woman the Victim

THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET TO THE BALTIC

Troops Being Moved to the Atlantic Seaboard

Excitement in Washington—Mass-Meetings in All the Big Cities—The President to Take Command in Person—State Troops Preparing to Move.

MOSCOW, Jan. 16.—Mrs. Alexander Trautley, the wife of a well-known American physician, traveling abroad, was this afternoon accosted on the Nevsky Prospekt by a man who, Mrs. Trautley states, was entirely unknown to her and whom she had never seen before. The man then seized her by the arm and began calling for the police. Upon the arrival of an officer, the man demanded her arrest on the charge that the evening before she had picked his pocket of thirteen rubles. Mrs. Trautley protested her innocence and told the policeman who she was. The latter accepted the unsupported statement of the man and put Mrs. Trautley under arrest. A large crowd of persons followed the unfortunate woman and her captors to the Tendloinski station-house. Arraigned before the sergeant, Mrs. Trautley produced her visiting card and asked that her husband be sent for. In reply, *the sergeant ordered her to be searched and locked up in a cell.* After several hours' imprisonment, she managed to get in communication with some friends well known in American society in Russia, who were able to secure her release on bail. The man's name is Peter J. Hoganoff, of 132 The Boweryowski. He is a member of the Moscow branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

LATER.—Further inquiry shows that Hoganoff does not live at the address he gave, and that he never had thirteen rubles.

Excitement in Washington

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The news of the Russian outrage on an American

woman in Moscow has turned Washington into a turmoil of excitement.

The North Atlantic fleet, which was on the point of starting for Cuban waters, has been ordered to Kiel under forced draft. The Mediterranean squadron has been cabled to rendezvous at the same place.

All the available regiments of the regular army have been ordered to Newport News for embarkation on transports.

The President has just sent five specially illustrated messages to Congress and is in telegraphic communication with the governors of all the States with reference to putting the National Guard in service. He will command both land and naval services in person, and was this evening measured for a general's and an admiral's uniform.

The Rough Riders have been ordered to report at the White House. This is the most serious step yet taken, and it is expected to have an immediate effect in bringing a prompt apology and offer of reparation from the Russian Government.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou has just sold a hundred millions of new five per cent. bonds to the City National Bank, of New York, at 80.

Intense excitement is shown among the members of both houses of Congress. Senators Platt and Depew were emphatic in saying that this is the time for patriotic statesmen to do their duty, and that neither of them has any intention of resigning.

Senator Tillman denounces the arrest of Mrs. Trautley as a hellish outrage, and offers to raise and equip a whole d—d negro regiment for service in Russia.

Secretary Taft has been at the War Department continuously ever since the receipt of the news, and has already lost twenty-three pounds. He says that it is incredible that such an outrage could occur at this period of the world's history, even in Russia.

The W. C. T. U. is making arrangements to equip every regiment going to the front with a liberal supply of lemon pop.

Throughout the Country

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—A tremendous mass-meeting was held on the lake front to-night under the auspices of the Teamsters' Union. Russian brutality was denounced in vigorous terms by walking

delegates and members of the Entertainment Committee.

Large orders for canned beef have been received at Packington from the War Department. In view of the emergency, the requirements of the Pure Food Law will not be enforced.

A number of well-known Republican patriots have organized a new military society to be known as Veterans of the Russian War. It will be similar in scope and purpose to the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans of the Spanish War.

Mass-meetings are being held all over the West to protest against the latest example of Russian despotism. Colonel Bryan, who was booked to make a speech at Omaha in favor of government confiscation of the railroads, was so moved by the news that he started at once for Washington to place his sword at the service of the Government.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 9.—The Midwest Literary League, which comprises in its membership most of the inhabitants of Indiana and the adjoining States, has discontinued writing best-selling novels and short stories for the ten-cent magazines. Every man, woman and child in the league is writing patriotic poetry and battle hymns of the republic.

NEW YORK'S DEEP INDIGNATION

The News Here—No Hysteria But the Untiring and Persistent Wrath of New York Is Roused.

No city in the world is so sensitive to any abuse of police power as New York. It can be imagined then the thrill of horror that swept through this community when it was learned that a Moscow policeman had arrested an American woman on the unsupported statement of an unknown man, and that a Russian police sergeant had submitted her to the indignity and humiliation of search and incarceration in a station-house cell without making any effort to ascertain whether she was telling the truth about her identity.

If Russia knew the character of the citizens of New York, how resentful they are of any abuse or invasion of personal rights, the outrage would never have taken place. No better evidence of this characteristic could be had than the New Yorkers' determined resistance to bad treatment on the part of the street railway corporations and their employees; how patiently but relentlessly New York-



"What's the Matter?" THE TELEPHONE CONTEST

The awards in the "What's the Matter?" contest, dealing with the difficulties of the gentleman at the telephone, together with the names of the successful contestants and their explanations, will appear in next week's LIFE, the issue of January 24th.

ers follow up any incivility or courtesy from public servants; how careful New York policemen are compelled to be not to exceed their lawful authority and how closely the New York public watches its courts and judges to see that the law is impartially, energetically and justly administered.

If the Czar of Russia had known what magnificent specimens of civic manhood New York's citizens are, he would have hesitated before he permitted one of his minions to lay his hand on an innocent American woman. But what else is to be expected from a Russian despot? Thank God, the sovereignty that rests in the bosom of every American citizen, and particularly in the bosom of every New Yorker, protects the American woman wherever she may go in all this broad, free land.

The feeling of indignation that swept through this community found voice in the tremendous mass-meeting at the Madison Square Garden last evening. The meeting was called to order by the district attorney, who, in part, spoke as follows:

As you know, fellow-citizens, I am a man of few words, few promises, but of quiet, faithful, untiring, unremitting performance and pursuit. Were I the district attorney of Moscow, the miserable Hoganoff, the stupid policeman and the brutal sergeant would already be forming a procession to Sing Sing.

Commissioner Bingham delivered a telling eulogy on the fine qualities of the New York policeman, and said that with the alert condition of New York public opinion the Moscow outrage would be an impossibility here.

Our enterprising contemporary, the *Evening Journal*, has issued war extras

at five-minute intervals ever since the receipt of the news, each containing a fresh editorial by Mr. Brisbane calling on the Jews in the United States to go forth and battle for their country.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment is sitting on the Battery wall waiting for a transport, and threatens to swim across if the boat does not arrive to-day.

The Theatrical Trust has started a fund for the Red Cross and heads the list with a contribution of \$4.98. It will be pleased to receive any money that may be sent to it.

The Professional Bondsmen's Association has offered to furnish bail for Mrs. Trautley at 10 per cent. off its regular rates, an offer which will probably be ineffective, as the association does not "stand in" with the Moscow police.

There is no mistaking the quiet, determined feeling of our citizens. New Yorkers never forget, and some one is bound to suffer.

[LATER.—There seems to be some uncertainty about the reliability of the above news. It is a fact that an American lady met with a similar experience, being arrested by a New York policeman on Broadway, near the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, and locked up in the Tenderloin police station. No one has been punished for the outrage.]

Didn't Get a Fair Deal, But

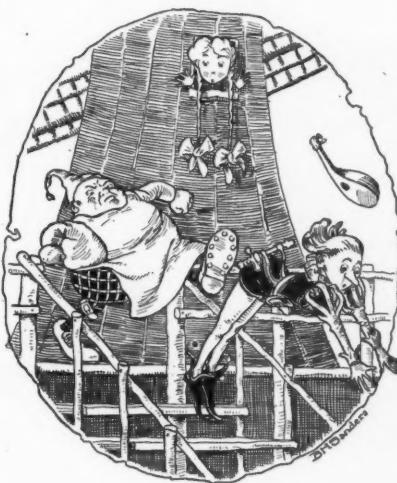
THE "Social Settler" of the Boston *Transcript* does not agree with LIFE that Mrs. Parsons's book on "The Family" did not get a fair deal from the critics. He quotes in full the passage that excited so much reprobation, and which we now read in full for the first time. It was hopeless to expect that such a passage should be fairly and dispassionately discussed or even ignored. It was bound to raise howls. Nevertheless, Mrs. Parsons

by no means advocated trial marriage as a practical expedient. In a philosophical discussion she named and considered it as a preferable alternative to some other impossibility. Her allusion to it: "It would therefore seem well from this point of view, to encourage early trial marriage," etc., etc., is entirely misleading when removed from its context. Trial marriage may do for savages, but in any civilized society it is unthinkable, as, of course, Mrs. Parsons must have known all the time. Her critics were unfair when they represented her as advocating it.

Equipment

PARKE: If I move out to the suburbs, what do I need?

LANE: A silk hat, a frock coat, a baby carriage and a mowing-machine.



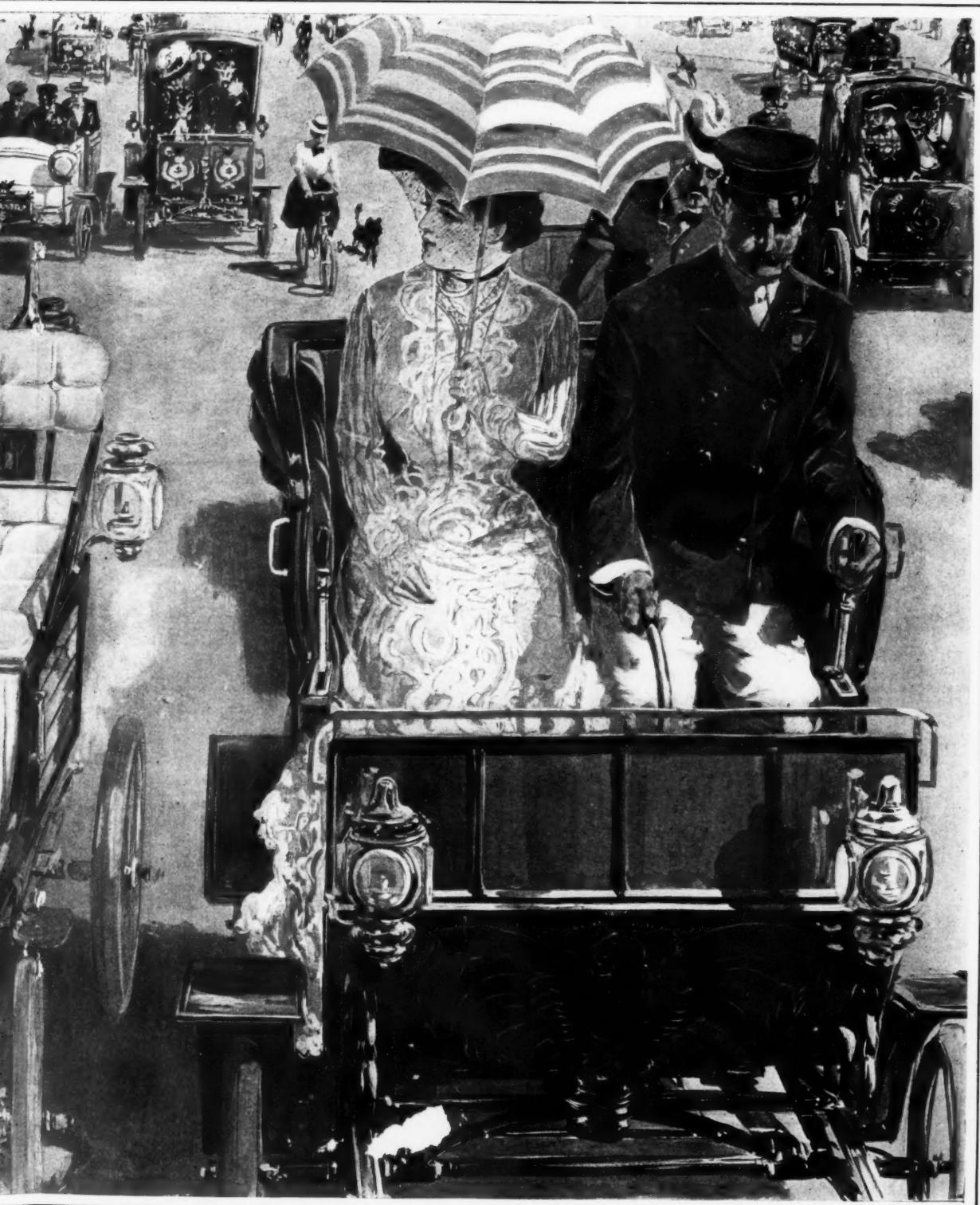
THE MILLER AND THE FLAME

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THE PASSING THRO

LIFE.



ASSING THONG

The Dramatic Rest-Cure

(The drama has no future in this country until we cease to cater to the tired business man," says Bronson Howard.)

WHEN he'd labored all day in his strenuous way
After dinner he longed for delights
Such as musical crimes and nursery rhymes
And barber-shop humor in tights.
"Ah, where shall I go for a rest-giving show
With nothing of brain-fag to view?
Shall I go to see 'Slush' or the drama called 'Mush,'
Or the comedy, 'Tittle-Tat-Too?'

"I long to be smoothed of my troubles and soothed
By a play of pink piffle—don't you?"

He loathed Maeterlinck, for he caused him to think;

He hated Bill Shakespeare, he said;

He scoffed at the hero of Mr. Pinero

And Shaw gave him pains in the head.

But when from the "drops" two fat comedy-cops

Made music with slapsicks-on-vest,

While the chorus displayed a George Cohan brigade,

He cried, "Good! I'm getting a rest."

"There's nothing, in fact, like a knockabout act
To give a poor fellow a rest."

But after the show then the rest-seekers go
Like mad to some gilded café
Quite dead-and-alive, and, their nerves to revive,
They dabble in liquor frappé.
Then it's homeward for them at 2.30 A.M.,
When their jaded demeanors attest
How unmental delight has outworn them quite—
By Jove, they've been out for a rest!
Which is often the way when you go to a play
For the purpose of getting a rest.

Wallace Irwin.



Mr. Clyde Fitch in a New Field

NEARLY every one of us has suffered from the person who doesn't know how to quit when he is through. "Well, I'm off" is one of his favorite speeches when he knows, and we know, that he isn't off and isn't likely to be off for some time to come. He stands first on one foot and then on the other, seeking in vain for the speech which will take him successfully and perhaps even gracefully out the door. If he's a preacher, we are completely at his mercy until his "lastlys" and "finallys" and "in conclusions" eventually exhaust themselves. Our state is even worse if he happen to be an after-dinner speaker with his "just one, one more little story." If the person be a woman, and the sex is very prone to prolong the last word much to the discomfort of the victim, we are even more helpless in the bonds of courtesy.

This evil seems to affect several of the situations in the play Mr. Clyde Fitch has written for Blanche Walsh under the title of "The Straight Road." The situations are good in themselves, and Mr. Fitch has developed them skilfully, but he prolongs them until they meet the horrible fate of being talked to death. Having brought the situation to its natural climax, when it has had its effect on both the mind and emotions of his hearers, the author seems to be so much in love with it that he hates to let go or, like the gentleman with his trousers entangled in the bull-dog's teeth, is unable to. He keeps on with talk until, like an overstirred mayonnaise, the situation loses its consistency and strength.

For material Mr. Fitch goes to what is a new field for him. He is successful, however, in finding in slum life a character which fits Blanche Walsh admirably, and which in the hands of author and artist becomes a very distinct personality. The best thing Blanche Walsh ever did was the drunken degenerate in "Resurrection." She was a Russian, however, while the present *Mary O'Hara* is a choice production of our own enlightened civilization. Beneath the repulsive exterior of the drunken girl of the Houston Street gutter Mr. Fitch develops a heroic nature whose struggle with circumstances without and the baser qualities within makes his play. The Fitch-Walsh girl is stopped at the right point of her development, Mr. Fitch restraining his fondness for picturing fine ladies and Miss Walsh controlling the actress's natural desire to display feminine attractiveness. This is artistic self-denial on the part of both and makes *Mary O'Hara* and her regeneration entirely credible. Other excellent characters are drawn by the author, but in less detail. Louise Closser, as the chief settlement worker's clear-headed assistant, portrays admirably a *felis femina* who is not entirely cat. Other roles in which the women have to sacrifice personal attractiveness to faithful delineation are well assumed by Helen Lowell as the Irish janitress of a Houston Street flat-house and Jessie Ralph as *Lazy Liz*, an unclaimed girl of the pavement. On the men's side, Mr. Charles Dalton gives a good character study, as *Bill Hubbell*, the good-natured saloon-keeper in love with Mary, and Mr. Estabrook is commendably villainous as the fiancé of the rich girl whose efforts to save *Mary* are combated by his own desires in an opposite direction. Mr. Travers also gave a realistic demonstration of a New York policeman performing his duty. The remaining members of the cast were entirely sufficient to the requirements of their parts.

Admirers of Mr. Fitch in his depictions of society life will find it hard to recognize him in this dealing with coarser material, but it is a very human play and will be found interesting not only by those in the orchestra, but also by those who enjoy their stage pleasures from a more elevated position. It shows that neither Mr. Fitch's energies nor ability have suffered any impairment.

* * *

IF THE strenuous and all-knowing despotism which is shortly to replace the republican form of government in the United States knows its business, it will hire a theatrical censor as one of its court adjuncts. His duties should be not so much to conserve the morals of the public, because the virtuous and Cortelyou-commended Anthony Comstock can take care of that job, as to exercise the far more difficult position of saving theatregoers from being bored beyond the point of human endurance. It would be good work. Such an official, properly performing his duties, would have put his veto on the production of "The Princess Beggar," which has lately come to Broadway with Paula Edwards as the star. It is not only musical comedy of the kind that has been done to death, but it is the kind almost at its worst. It is second-rate in about every particular. "The Princess Beggar" has been on the road for a long time and the





BLANCHE WALSH AS SHE DOESN'T LOOK IN
"THE STRAIGHT ROAD"

members of the company from the prima donna down, show all the faults that accrue with playing to audiences which must have every effect broadened and exaggerated. The libretto never was and never could be funny, no matter how expounded. The score by Mr. Alfred G. Robyn contains some rather tuneful numbers which deserved better rendering. Paula Edwards has been known to New York audiences not altogether unfavorably in minor parts. In the present production she and her abilities are both frightfully overworked. Her sub-



THEATRICAL
WAITING FOR HIS QUEUE

ordinates are evidently selected with a view to not eclipsing her own mediocrity and the selection is in that respect a grand success.

Up to date this is a free country. There are some reasons for regretting that fact. "The Princess Beggar" is one.

* * *

MATILDA, at the Lincoln Square, was more of a novelty. It might be described as comic opera without the aid of the inevitable chorus girl. Primarily, it was a farce, laid out on rather hackneyed lines. Incidentally, there was singing by all the principal characters. If the farce had been a better farce, if the music had been less conventional, if both acting and singing had been better done, the piece would have had greater reason for existence. "Matilda" is worthy of note, principally as emphasizing the often expressed statement that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

* * *

IN PARIS an attempt to establish a Theatrical Trust has just come to an unlamented end. The managers of half a dozen important theatres banded together in an offensive-defensive alliance, but when they attempted to do a little boycotting, after the manner of their kind, they found themselves opposed and quickly defeated by the powerful Society of Dramatic Authors, which controls practically all the plays and all the dramatic writers of France. This organization can starve out any theatre or any combination of theatres, by depriving them of plays. It is not a pleasing idea that there should exist even this monopoly in an art, but, if monopoly there must be, it is certainly better that it should rest in the hands of authors who are men with some regard for the higher ideals of the stage than that it should be nothing more than the money-getting conspiracy which until recently absolutely controlled the destinies of the American theatre.

Metcalfe.

Garden—"The Student King." Genuine comic opera, with music by Reginald De Koven. Brilliantly staged and well sung.

Hackett—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Laughable and true to the life of the Tenderloin.

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." Dream play of considerable merit and interest, with competent company.

Hippodrome—The Wild West, pictured in "Pioneer Days" by real Indians, and gorgeous spectacle and ballet in "Neptune's Daughter."

Lincoln Square—"Matilda." See above.

Lyric—Last week of "The New York Idea," with Mrs. Fiske in the leading role. Comedy of brilliant lines, very well acted.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Carlotta Nilsson and unusually clever cast in well-written and well-constructed play of American life in the West.

Majestic—"Brown of Harvard," with Mr. Henry Woodruff as the star. Episodes from college life agreeably presented.

Manhattan—Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," done into dramatic form by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who impersonates Jean Valjean. Well worth seeing.

Princess—Miss Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in Mr. Moody's "The Great Divide." Interesting exploitation of the feminine New England conscience.

Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.

Weber's—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Fun, burlesque, girls, and charming music by Mr. Victor Herbert.



Logical English

I PAUSED to talk to a fishmonger. "Fishmonger," said I, pleasantly, "why do you fishmong?"

He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fishmang before me."

"And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have fishmong for seven years come Michaelmas."

"You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I'm sure you always mong the best of fish."

Carolyn Wells.

Bijou—"The Mimic and the Maid." Notice later.
Casino—Paula Edwards in "Princess Beggar." See above.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Sleepy, Mexican California before it was roused by Yankee ownership. Frances Starr, Hamilton Revelle and excellent company in delightful play.

Garrick—Mr. William Collier in "Caught in the Pain." Very funny, up-to-date farcical comedy.

Empire—Last week but one of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Mr. Barrie's exquisite stage-fooling with the myths of childhood.

• LIFE •



THE MOTORETTER, 1910 MODEL

Gold Mines



HE price of gold mines, in common with all other necessities, has been going up lately. It is still possible, however, to purchase a fairly good gold mine for from thirty to fifty cents.

Of course, if one is really careful, has an overparticular temperament, and wishes to be entirely on the safe side, then it may be well to pay a little more. Sixty cents for a first-class gold mine is, however, the limit.

Gold mines are of two kinds—with gold and without. A good gold mine, with gold, ought to be bought at from twenty to twenty-five cents; without gold, all the way up to half a dollar.

If a gold mine has no gold in it, it is easier to sell. But if it has gold, then there is always the temptation before one of attempting to find out how much gold there is in it. This, of course, is expensive, and is the reason why a gold mine is not worth so much as one that is sure and safe and known not to contain any gold.

It is highly desirable in laying in your winter or spring stock of gold mines to see that the directors go with them. A gold mine without a printed list of directors is hardly worth the paper on which it is located.

In buying a gold mine always look at the certificate of stock first. If this certificate of stock contains a photographic reproduction of the mine, then

do not under any circumstances buy the mine. This picture is almost positive evidence that the mine really exists. Always make sure before you buy a gold mine that it doesn't exist. That is the only kind that pays.

Get a gold mine if possible that is made of cork, rather than gold. Cork floats.

Hurrah!

(Parke has invited Lane out in his auto. Lane, after some doubt, finally consents. They start.)

LANE: I wouldn't have gone with any one else but you. But I know your man is careful.

PARKE: Dear me, yes; too careful.

"How's that?"

(Whispering): "He had a bad accident once, and it's made him timid."

"Well, I'm glad of it. But really, old man, he's doing pretty well, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; but he's timid."

"I'm glad of that. I'm scared to death of these things, anyway. Isn't he—hitting her up?"

"Just wait!"

(Turning pale): "I don't see that he is so timid. Ghee! We must be going fifty miles an hour."

"I fixed him."

(Turning pale): "What did you do?"

(Confidentially): "Just wait and you'll see. I gave him three or four stiff drinks

of whisky. It's only just beginning to work."

Too Bad

THE Springfield *Republican* printed last week a pamphlet by Dr. Christison, of Chicago, reviewing the case of Richard Ivens, convicted on his own confession of the atrocious murder of Mrs. Hollister in Chicago just about a year ago. Ivens was executed, but Dr. Christison makes out a very strong and interesting case for the theory that Ivens was in an hypnotic state when the Chicago police extorted the confession from him, and that he had nothing at all to do with the crime except that he found the body. Professor William James and Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, expert psychologists, were both of this opinion, and tried—as did Dr. Christison—to prevent Ivens's execution.

It is very mortifying when a man has been executed for a crime of which he has been formally found guilty in a court of justice, to have a lot of authoritative and ingratiating doubts about his guilt survive him. It is bad enough to have that happen in lynching cases, but worse in cases where procedure has been formal, because it reflects so painfully upon juries and the public intelligence.

Heard at a Winter Resort

DR. FLORRIDDER. I had a great many more patients last year than I have this. I wonder where they have all gone to?

MRS. OLDUN: Well, all we can do, doctor, is to hope for the best.



MODERN HIGHWAYMEN

Country Officer: FIFTY DOLLARS, SIR. YOU WERE EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.



"WHEN THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING"



The Critic

THE critic is one who is paid to give an unprejudiced opinion about something toward which he entertains prejudices, this being the reason why his opinion is supposed to be valuable.

A critic is like the clown at the circus who is always giving directions, but never does anything himself. The very fact that he is a critic makes his opinion of no particular value, for the reason that he is obliged to study closely the subject in which his office lies, thus narrowing his eyesight down to one point. As he is constantly looking at the same series of things, it is inevitable that his opinions should be restricted to these things.

The best critics are those who, in spite of the monotony of their calling, still

manage to retain their sympathy with the performers.

A critic's opinion is of value in proportion to the length of time he has been criticizing. It decreases with his development, and is of more value in the beginning than at any other time. The reason for this is that the critic becomes more and more skillful in pointing out defects, and less and less skillful in maintaining his balance.

The ideal critic is one who knows just as little about the thing he criticizes as he does about everything else.

Some restriction should be placed upon critics as they exist at present. The moment they become too active they should be chloroformed. Occasionally they should be made to attempt the very thing they are criticizing. This will give them an idea of their own limitations.

No critic should be permitted to have friends, or to marry. Before criticizing he should be placed in solitary confinement.

Tom Masson.

TO BE obscure is easier than to be profound—and just as impressive.

Married

"WHAT? Jack and Mabel married?"

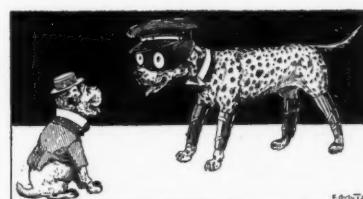
Said Isabel to Sue;

"I thought he was just flirting!"

Said Sue, "He thought so, too!"

SPENDTHRIFT NEPHEW: I understand you had a close call when you were sick?

MISER UNCLE: Yes. I heard you were round very often to inquire. Much obliged, I'm sure.



"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT STRANGE RIG-OUT?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, MY CAREER AS A COACH-DOG IS FINISHED. I'M NOW TRYING TO GET A JOB AS AN AUTOMOBILE-DOG."

· LIFE ·



AFTER reading the two thick volumes of Bram Stoker's *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving* one feels that the title is a misnomer. Irving, it is true, figures in the play but Mr. Stoker has cast himself for Hamlet while Irving plays the Ghost. We do not believe this to have been intentional. For nearly thirty years Mr. Stoker was the business manager and personal friend of Irving and he has doubtless set down for us what, to him, seem the most interesting and pregnant aspects of this long companionship. We simply differ from him in judgment. Of course, there are many anecdotes star-scattered through the text; references to many brilliant and memorable gatherings; much discussion of Irving the artist and Irving the man. But both as analyst and raconteur Mr. Stoker dwells, intellectually, in a chamber entirely furnished with mirrors and look down whatsoever vista he will, his own reflection, multiplied, obstructs the view.

Mr. Nelson Lloyd's new novel, *The Robberies Company, Ltd.*, is a deftly woven fabric of realistic improbabilities but with a satirical and philosophical rather than a merely sensational basis for its adventurous incidents. First and foremost, however, lest this description should scare any one, it is a readable and highly entertaining story. The company have undertaken to bring mankind to a realization of the true valuelessness of the superfluous jimmicks of life or, as they put it, the truth of their theory of useless rubbish, and their unique campaign of education and their partial success will amuse, if it does not convert, the reader.

Alfred Wilson Barrett's *Father Pink*, on the other hand, is the unassisted product of a somewhat lurid imagination. Father Pink is a fat and jolly rascal of a priest who is at the bottom of a conspiracy to defraud the heroine and, while the plot leaks like a wicker basket, yet the affair moves and may perhaps fit in with

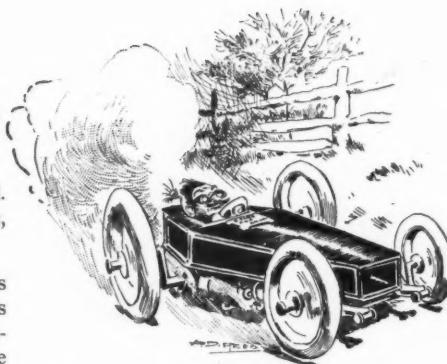
a feather-brained and uncritical mood. At best, however, it is a case of "*glissez, mortel, n'appuyez jamais.*"

W. A. Fraser who in successive volumes of short stories has exploited—always acceptably—a variety of local inspirations, seems to have uncovered pay ore in British Burmah, from which center radiate many of the motives in the tales collected in his new book called *Thirteen Men*. These stories are made of good material; they are crisply told; and they are self-contained, in the sense that they fit their own skins.

The hero of Ralph D. Paine's novel, *The Story of Martin Coe*, is a deserting gunner's mate of the United States Navy who, after a campaign with some South American revolutionists, returns to New England and goes into retirement in a Maine village where, with his hearty filibustering manners and the proceeds of a large bag of revolutionary gold, he creates considerable sensation. It is a nice, big, shaggy, clumsy, Newfoundland dog sort of a story but not enterable in the literary bench-show.

There are three varieties of cynics: the theoretical, who are kind but clear-sighted persons with a vitriolic dislike for hypocrisy; the practical, who are commonly known as curmudgeons; and the would-be, who are generally under twenty-five and always nuisances. Ambrose Bierce, the author of a new *Cynic's Word Book*, belongs to the first class and as he emulsifies his vitriol with culture and flavors it with wit the book is called to the attention of those who have grown stand-offish in regard to cynical dictionaries—most of which are written by members of the third division.

Mrs. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, whose letters make up the large and handsomely printed volume entitled *Glimpses of Italian Court Life*, seems to have had a delightful time, socially, during her stay in Italy. Moreover she found time for considerable sightseeing, read Murray carefully and wrote home about it all fully and enthusiastically. We quite



A GOOD COMBINATION MODEL FOR A RACING CAR

understand that her correspondents should have enjoyed and preserved her letters but we are a little at a loss to know why they should have been published.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving, by Bram Stoker. (The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. \$7.50.)

The Robberies Company, Ltd., by Nelson Lloyd. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Father Pink, by Alfred Wilson Barrett. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Thirteen Men, by W. A. Fraser (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Story of Martin Coe, by Ralph D. Paine. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

The Cynic's Word Book, by Ambrose Bierce. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.00.)

Glimpses of Italian Court Life, by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$4.80.)

Will Congress Please Provide a Little Champagne?

THE Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department intends to ask Congress for an appropriation for official entertainments aboard our warships when in foreign parts.

When the officers of our ships receive hospitalities in foreign ports from officers of foreign navies, they return them. Practically, they must accept them and they must return them. It is for the honor of our flag and the advantage of our country that they should.

But the pay of our officers is not really equal to entertaining of this sort. In other navies than ours government funds are provided for official entertainment. As much should be done for our navy.

We hope Congress will incline a favorable ear to the pleadings of the Bureau of Navigation and whack up enough of the long green to serve in a modest way this laudable purpose.

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RESSETTE BENSON

SISTERS IN AFFLICITION

Like Father, Like Son

By W. B. S.

THE head of the great dry-goods house of Hayward and Company fidgeted nervously in his chair.

He had a disagreeable duty to perform. Besides, his wife was giving a big dinner-party that evening—always to him a source of personal discomfort.

He had not risen to his present high position, however, without accumulating a reserve of power necessary to ride over the small crises that presented themselves from time to time—much less frequently now than in former more turbulent times. After a few moments' hesitation, he rang his office-bell.

"Tell Mr. Daggett to step this way."

Daggett was Hayward's head bookkeeper. He had been with the firm for twenty years. His salary was \$3,000 a year.

He entered presently—a tall, stoop-shouldered man of fifty-five.

"Mr. Daggett—sit down, sir. We have been making some changes in our business, as you know—introducing an entirely new system of accounts. This I have found to be absolutely necessary in order to know where we stand from day to day. Everything nowadays is run on so much closer margins than formerly. I had hoped to find you another position under the

new régime, but I am afraid it is going to be impossible to do this. You've been with us a long time, and I've absolutely no fault to find with your work. But I don't see anything else to do but to part with your services. I shall be glad, however, to do all in my power to help you secure another place. You can refer to me, and I will write what letters you wish."

Daggett's face turned white, but otherwise he did not flinch. The blow was too sudden for him to understand fully what it meant.

"You wish me to go at once, sir?"

"Well, it might be better. Of course, I shall expect you to draw a month's pay ahead."

Daggett got up.

"Very well, sir."

He turned on the threshold. His hands trembled. The tears came to his eyes.

"This is pretty hard on me," he managed to say at last. "I've given you all I had. I"—

"I know it is, Mr. Daggett. No one appreciates this any more than myself. I want you to know this. I might have

This story continued on page 108



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
A lawn-tennis silence prevails;
The forces of nature that leap in the light
Are calm when the slow twilight pales.
The typewriters rest for the nonce on their arms,
The Big Stick is hung on the hooks;
And so the Rough Writer, for war's rude alarms,
Seeks the battles they tell of in books.

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
The peace prize is shedding its ray
In the halls where the fists of the furious write
When diplomats dare disobey.
The sentry's "All's well!" has been heard on the wall,
The bronchos are chewing their oats;
The calm of the spirit is over it all
And the war trumpet muffles its notes.

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No friend in a faraway land
Is feeling, by letter, the strength and the might
And the force of a strenuous hand;
No old boor companion is getting a roast.
No woman is catching Dutch fits;
With a book by the fire, where his shins warmly toast,
Our blest ruler in peacefulness sits.

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
While the world, as he orders it, rolls;
No liar pops up to disturb the delight
Of this mildest of militant souls.
There's been no explosion for almost four days,
The eruptions have ceased for awhile—
Living up to the peace prize has altered his ways
And changed the fierce frown to a smile!

—Baltimore Sun.

BEGINNINGS OF SOME MODERN FAIRY-TALES

"Once upon a time there was a seventeen-year-old poet who was not Schiller's superior"—
"Once upon a time there was an operatic tenor who could sing"—
"Once upon a time there was a public schoolteacher who left a million"—
"Once upon a time there was a physician whose handwriting was legible"—
"Once upon a time there was a tramp who admired cyclists and automobileists"—
"Once upon a time there was a dry-goods clerk who forbade the waiter to address him as 'Doctor'"—
"Once upon a time the *Woche* (an illustrated Berlin paper) appeared without containing a picture of the Kaiser"—
"There was once a classical play represented for which the box-office was sold out."—Translated from *Jugend* for *The Literary Digest*.

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NOTES FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

To keep furniture from cracking—Have no heavyweight callers.
The best kind of cards for calling is four aces.
Potatoes a la Bernhardt are potatoes cut long and slim.
To keep eggs lay them in a cool place. If the hens do your laying for you, notify them.
An excellent thing for luncheon is an appetite.
To avoid toothache, be careful not to lay your teeth in a draught nights.
Topsy cake is made by taking a dry cake and pouring whisky into it until it can hold no more. If it is not tipsy then, it ought to be.—*Boston Transcript*.



THE OPTIMIST

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THERE'S ONE WHO, THOUGH
IN TRADE THERE IS A LULL,
STILL DOESN'T MIND THAT LIFE'S A GRIND
AND EVERYTHING IS DULL.

SUFFICIENTLY PUNISHED

JUDGE (to lawyer): Mr. Sharp, are you defending this prisoner?
LAWYER: I am, your Honor.
"And how much is he charged with stealing?"
"Fifty dollars, your Honor."
"Well, we'll let him go; he'll be punished enough anyhow."
"What do you mean, your Honor?"
"Why, by the time you get that fifty, and then he works out the other hundred you'll charge him, he'll be sorry enough he ever was dishonest."—*Toledo Blade*.

WHY "THE NEW LEAF"

There is too much said at New Year's about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that one must hasten to forget them? Is the blank, untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely written, underlined, untidy but familiar pages which make up the story of one's life? These pages of experience turn so easily in the hand! They open by themselves, almost, to so many passages worth remembering. Will the trim virgin pages of the New Year yield anything really more desirable? No, this annual counsel to turn over a new leaf is but a restless, dissatisfied injunction. One's old habits may not have been such bad habits, after all. Some of them may be deemed actually good, even by the sharpest-visaged conscience that ever went peering about, like a meticulous housekeeper, on New Year's morning. And even if the old ways, hopes and days' works were not all of the very first quality, one may well protest against that unmindful virtue that would turn them all outdoors at the end of December, to make room for the guests of the New Year. —*Atlantic*.

WORN TO THE BONE

A scientific gentleman in Washington recently returned from South America, bringing with him, not as the fruits of his labors, but merely for the purposes of science, a collection of Patagonian skulls.

At New York the customs officers opened the chest containing the skulls, duly inspected them and informed the scientist that the consignment must be classed as animal bones, and as dutiable at so much per pound. Whereupon the scientific gentleman evinced great indignation. After some parley the customs people agreed to submit the matter to the Treasury Department if the way-bill were revised in a way they suggested. The result was that the way-bill was altered to read as follows:

"Chest of native skulls. Personal effects, already worn."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A GRACEFUL GETAWAY

Mr. Makinbrakes, who had been urged to stay for luncheon, was trying to make a graceful getaway.

"Awfully sorry," he said, "and ever so much obliged, but I couldn't think of it. It's a lot of bother to have people drop in on you unexpectedly and to feel that you've got to invite them to stay and eat with you—er—just to be polite, you know—I mean that it's always a lot of bother for me, of course, particularly when—when it happens to be somebody that you don't care for, anyhow—speaking of myself, you understand—or perhaps I should say I don't mean myself in this particular case—well, anyhow, I have an engagement, besides, or it would afford me great pleasure, I assure you, to—to—well, good-afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Varney."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HE HAS THE EARTH

Some months ago excavations were being made for new tracks on the line of a certain famous railway. At one point a near-by resident obtained permission to remove a quantity of turf to resod his premises, the section boss being instructed to notify the excavating "gang" when the resident should have secured all he desired.

The Hibernian's report is as follows: "The man that wanted the earth has got it."—*Harper's Monthly*.

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Wilson -

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see back label on every bottle;

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EIGHTY MILLION PEOPLE

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WHISKEY

STIMULATES THE MULTITUDE AND
FORTIFIES THE INNER MAN

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.





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Would you like to play golf and tennis, or take an automobile tour in sunny California this winter? It's the ideal country and climate for such sports.

Then take the California Limited

—the only train to Southern California, via any line, exclusively for first-class travel.

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Montreal, . . .	138 St. James St.	Cleveland, . . .	318 Williamson Bldg.
Philadelphia, . . .	711 Chestnut St.	Cincinnati, . . .	209 Traction Bldg.
Pittsburg, . . .	405 Park Bldg.	St. Louis, . . .	209 N. Seventh St.
		Galveston, Gen. Pass. Office, G. C. & S. F. Ry.	Denver, . . .
			901 17th St.

given you a formal letter, but I wanted—I felt it my duty—to tell you myself just so that you might see how badly I felt about it. You see, it's one of the inevitable laws of the business world. Competition steps in, and in our struggle to keep above water we have to make sacrifices that seem hard, that are hard, but which are inevitable. But I assume that you have something ahead. So this might be worse."

"Something ahead! On my salary, with my family? Why, sir, you know what it means to educate a family in these days. Five years ago I bought a little house through the Building and Loan, and I've been trying to pay for it ever since, but my equity in it is still small. It's pretty hard—hard!"

Hayward rose and held out his hand—a polite indication that the interview was over.

"Well, Mr. Daggett," he said, "you have my very best wishes. And if I can ever do anything for you, don't hesitate to call on me."

"Thank you, sir!" Twenty years of servitude had left Daggett in that deferential attitude that even this sudden blow could not affect. He bowed, and made his way out.

He went to his office, got his hat and coat, and said good-by to his associates. Each of them pressed his hand silently—with a world of emotion and feeling in the clasp, for no one knew who would be the next. As he went out, the cashier handed him an envelope. It contained a check for \$300—five weeks' pay ahead. He thrust it in his pocket, went down in the elevator, and walked out through the long corridors, filled with huge rolls of fabrics, to the front door.

As he blindly stepped out into the street a voice greeted him.

"Hello, Mr. Daggett!" It was Bertie, Hayward's son. Daggett had met him casually when Bertie had come in at times to draw money.

Daggett bowed in reply.

"Where are you going at this time of day, Mr. Daggett?"

"Home."

"Where do you live?"

"Horaceville."

"Why, that's a nice run. Jump in and I'll take you out there. Haven't a thing to do, and I'm crazy to try out this new machine. Just got it. What do you think of it?"

He waved his arm toward his huge motor car that was purring quietly to itself lined up against the sidewalk. It seemed to Daggett, dazed as he was, to fill up the entire street.

Bertie caught him by the arm, opened the side door, and thrust him inside, following closely, for Daggett was in that hypnotic condition where he had no power of resistance. His senses for the moment were paralyzed with the swiftness of his recent discharge.

Bertie nodded to the young fellow in the front seat. "You know the way over the turnpike. Take us over the Haydencity Hill. Let's see what she can do up a fifteen per cent."

Turning to Daggett, as the whirring grew louder and the great machine started off, he said:

"Just got her through the custom-house yesterday. He's one of the boys from the shop driving her. I'll keep him for a couple of days to see that everything is adjusted. Pretty good, eh? Goes like a dream. I've got four American and two French machines, but I'll bet a red apple this will be the best one yet, only I'm having one made to order for the races, you know. Billy Landerson—know him?—thinks he has a cinch. But I'll show him. Great sport, isn't it? Come, Paul, hike her up. Let her out, my boy. We'll be out of the limits in a moment."

Bertie rattled on, his face full of enthusiasm. Suddenly he turned to Daggett, who sat stony and immovable.

"What's up?" he asked. "Off your feed? You don't look well."

"I don't feel well. I've lost my job."

"What! You don't mean to say that—well, who'd a thought that of the old man! Fired you! Really?"

"Yes."

Bertie put his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Don't you care," he said. "Why, I wouldn't work for him myself—not if he begged me to. The governor is all right in his way, but I have the devil's own time getting money out of him myself. Why, to-morrow morning you'll be glad you quit. I know what's the matter with you. You've got the willies, naturally. Eh, Paul? There's a road-house ahead. Stop and we'll get a high-ball. That's what you need, Mr. Daggett—something to brace you up."

Daggett shook his head.

"No, thank you," he replied. "I don't drink."

"But, Great Scott! You mustn't feel this way. I'll have the willies myself if you do. Awful sorry you lost your job. But don't you care—you'll get another."

Daggett forced a smile.

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "I've worked for your father for twenty years. I'm incapable of doing anything else. No one will have me. I'm too old. I have a family on my hands. What can I do?"

Bertie's face expressed the distress he really felt. It was a new experience for him to sit so close to real misery. He didn't quite understand it—but he thought he did.

"Yes," he said, "I know just how you feel. I've been there myself. You know, last spring I got caught in the market. I'll be hanged if the damned broker didn't sell me right out. Why, I woke up one morning and found I hadn't a cent in the world. Think of it! Terrible feeling, isn't it? It took all my nerve to brace the old man. O mamma! it was tough. But you'll be on your feet all right. I'll speak to my friends. Sometimes there is a presidency or something or other floating around. I could be on no end of directors' boards myself, but I cut 'em all out—no time for such things. How much would you be willing to take—\$25,000 a year?"

Daggett smiled again—very grimly this time.

"You live in a different world from me," he said. "I have worked for twenty years—the last five on \$3,000 a year. This is all I could ever earn—and you may be sure that no one wants me at the figure."

"\$3,000! Why that's what I pay my chauffeur"—

Daggett turned suddenly.

"Maybe I could be a chauffeur," he said. "It seems easy. And there is a big demand for them."

This time Bertie was on his own ground. He looked at his companion critically.

"You might," he said briefly. "But—I doubt it. You see, it takes—well, young blood, nerve, mechanical experience. Why, I give you my word, I've had everything—frog-eaters, Maine guides, Yankee tinkers—and a good chauffeur is the hardest proposition in the world to get right. Here's Horaceville. Where do you live?"

Daggett indicated the street, and in a moment they slowed up before a modest little suburban cottage, with honeysuckle growing on the piazza and a trim little garden behind, where Daggett was wont to employ his time in the early mornings.

"Won't you come in?" he asked Bertie.

"I'm dry as a fish," replied that youth. "Thank you, yes."

"I haven't anything to offer you."

"That's all right. All I want is water. I was up until three o'clock this morning at the club and I could drink a river dry."

Daggett ushered him into his front parlor, while he summoned the maid. When he came back he found Bertie intent upon a photograph on the mantel.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Oh, that's my daughter, Josephine."

"Stunning, isn't she? Great!"

"Yes. She's a nice-looking girl, I think, and she's as good as she is handsome."

Daggett's face glowed with paternal pride.

"I'm putting her through college," he said. "That is, I was. She's been taking the scientific course—smart girl."

"She looks it," said Bertie, enthusiastically. "Well, I'm off."

He held out his hand.

"You'll be all right, Mr. Daggett," he said. "Don't lose your nerve. I know how it is—I've been there. In the meantime"—

He shook hands and was off. For several moments after the odor of burning oil in the street was the only reminder of his presence.

Daggett sought his wife. When Josephine came home, later, she found them clasped in each other's arms, silent.

"Your father has lost his position, Jo. But I tell him not to lose heart."

"When did it happen?"

Daggett related over again his story, even to his trip home in the automobile.

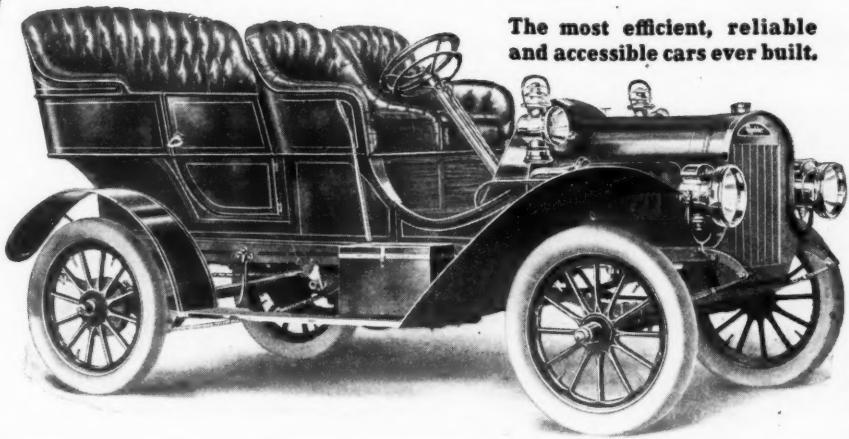
Josephine's eyes flashed.

"You don't mean to say, papa, that you accepted a favor from young Mr. Hayward, after his father had treated you so? I would have flung his invitation in his face. And I would send back the check at once. Think of

This story continued on page 110

The Car of Steady Service

Four Models—Two Types



The most efficient, reliable and accessible cars ever built.

Two and Four-Cylinder Construction

Positively the leaders in their respective classes.

Rambler Utility Cars

Model 21—A Five-Passenger Touring Car with Detachable Tonneau..... \$1,350

Model 27—A High Power Runabout \$ 950

Both equipped with the new Rambler unit power plant, comprising a double opposed motor, multiple disk clutch and planetary transmission entirely inclosed as a unit with three-point support.

Rambler

Two powerful touring cars with four-cylinder vertical motors, sliding gear transmission, and every feature that affords *Reliability, Efficiency, Comfort and Convenience*.

In these models are too many new, but tried and proven features to attempt to enumerate them here.

Those most readily appreciated are:

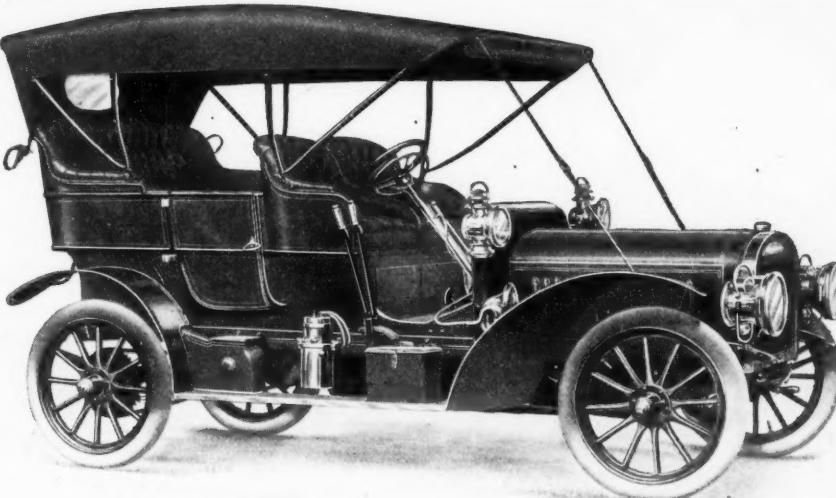
The new balance clutch.

The most convenient sliding gear ever designed. No noise or delay in changing gears.

An efficient cooling system that can't go wrong.

Simple and reliable cardan joints, powerful construction that insures positive reliability.

These are only a few; let us demonstrate the others.



Model 25

**Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.
Branches:**

Boston, Chicago,

Milwaukee, Philadelphia,

San Francisco.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

it! After all the years you have worked. Why, I have no doubt that young Mr. Hayward's chauffeur is paid as much as you have been."

"That's what he said," replied Daggett. "I didn't know," he continued, eagerly, "but—"

Josephine raised her hand.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't tell me you asked him to help you. How could you?"

Her mother stopped her.

"Your father is suffering enough," she said, "without you taunting him. He is not doing this for himself, but for us. He realizes that it is practically impossible to get another position as bookkeeper. We have interest to pay, insurance premiums to meet and our household expenses. We must not be too proud. We cannot choose our lot. I'm afraid, my dear, this ends your schooling."

Josephine flung her arm around her father's neck.

"Forgive me," she cried. "Of course, I understand. I will go to work. We will yet be happy."

That evening she sat up until midnight thinking over the situation. The next morning, before the rest of the house were up, she had packed a few belongings and stolen away, leaving the following note:

Dearest Papa: I am going away to earn my own living, as I realize now that I can no longer be a burden to you. Do not attempt to follow me. I shall not disgrace you, but if I succeed I will come back again. I should know in six months.

Your loving daughter,

JOSEPHINE.

Josephine had \$250, the gift of her grandmother, years before. As soon as the bank opened she drew it out. With the money in her pocket, she went to a leading men's clothing-house. In a short time she had bought a complete man's attire—suit, long overcoat, cap and all—for her "brother." Putting them into a dress-suit case, she went out into the street.

She had fully made up her mind that for her purpose it was essential that she should turn herself into a male creature. But how could the change be made? It was impossible to go to a hotel without being seen. Suddenly, late in the afternoon, after she had wandered about all day, the idea came. At five o'clock she engaged a room on the Fall River steamer. The next morning, when she emerged with the crowd, she was no longer Miss Josephine Daggett, daughter of a discharged bookkeeper. She had cut off her hair closely. She had put on the clothes she bought and thrown the others overboard, and, all things considered, she made a fairly respectable-looking boy of twenty. Only her hands needed attention. She rubbed them furtively on the ropes and chains of the steamer as she went ashore, and with careful attention, in the next few days, they became quite rough and manlike.

Taking the train back to her starting-point, she spent the remainder of the day in looking up a quiet boarding-house. The next morning she entered a class of retired head-waiters, bankers and nondescripts, who were learning how to run an automobile in a popular school conducted for that purpose, paying her money in advance. The next week, through one of the men in charge, who came to look upon her as "a likely boy," she augmented this with odd jobs in a neighboring garage, there being a scarcity of helpers, and in the course of two months, aided by the excellent mechanical and electrical training that she had received at the S—— Institute before her father's misfortune, she found herself a full-fledged demonstrator for one of the most popular makes of American machines.

Her hands had become hard and calloused. Her face, inured to the weather and helped along by plentiful applications of laundry soap, had become rough and manly. Her hair had a very respectable, manly part, and the auto clothes she was obliged to wear—sweater, long coat, cap and goggles—all contributed to make her disguise complete.

* * *

Bertie Hayward did not care to live in the commodious house provided by his father. He preferred the freedom of his own bachelor apartments. This freedom, however, he did not abuse. His dissipations were only occasional. He thought too much of his pleasures to permit any excess to interfere with them. Besides, he was more interested in motor cars than anything else. And this required a clear head.

One morning he rose as usual at eight o'clock, and after a plunge and a rub-down was sitting in his bath robe, with his coffee and his *Automobile News* of the day before him, when his man announced a visitor.

"Young chap wants to see you, sir."

"Who is he? What is he?"

"Says he is from Sheridan's garage."

Anyone from a garage could always see Bertie. Josephine was promptly ushered in.

"Well?" said Bertie, crossly.

"I came to see you about driving one of your cars?"

Bertie looked his visitor over.

"I might use you," he said. "By the way, your face is familiar. Haven't I seen you somewhere—on the track?"

"Think not, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Daggett. I'm a son of your father's old bookkeeper. I thought perhaps you could give me a show. Father said you wanted a man with nerve and youth."

"Oh! But you're the dead image of your sister."

Josephine started.

"Where have you seen her?" she faltered.

"I saw her picture in your father's house."

"Yes; there is a resemblance between us."

A pause.

Bertie looked his applicant over again.

"You don't weigh overmuch," he said. "That's in your favor. Can you drive a car like hell?"

"I guess I can."

"What experience have you had?"

"I've had a part electrical education. Was in Stone's works for several weeks learning the parts. Have been a demonstrator at Sheridan's for some time."

"Ever been in a race?"

"No. But—"

"Well, you come around to-morrow morning and I'll let you know."

Bertie lost no time that morning in getting dressed. He telephoned for his car and by nine-thirty was down at his father's establishment. He went upstairs to the cashier's office.

"Good-morning, Mr. Brewster. How is everything?"

"First rate."

"Got your new system running?"

"Oh, yes."

"Whatever became of Daggett?"

"The old bookkeeper? Oh, he hasn't placed himself yet."

"Poor devil. Had a family, didn't he?"

"Yes. Wife and daughter. And his daughter"—

"No sons?"

"Not that I know of."

"What were you going to say about his daughter?"

"Why, she disappeared. Daggett has been looking for her without success. He has certainly been up against it for fair!"

"What did she leave him for?"

"Didn't want to be a burden."

"Um. Well, let me have a thousand, will you? I must be trudging along."

The next morning Josephine came again. This time Bertie was fully dressed.

"Sorry," he said. "But I'm afraid I can't do anything for you. I really don't need another man just at present—unless he should happen to be a cracker-jack. But you see Landerson, Billy Landerson. He has some racing cars. He might want some one. Come to think of it, he mentioned the fact. Here's his address."

Landerson was Bertie's rival. He was the only one Bertie feared.

Josephine lost no time in looking up Landerson.

That young man was a wholly different type from Bertie. He had gone into business in his teens, was now the head of a prosperous business, and devoted his spare time to automobiling.

"Mr. Hayward said, sir, you might need a chauffeur."

"Can you drive a car—like hell?"

This seemed to be the main requisite demanded by all automobilists.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll try you out."

They drove around to Landerson's garage, Josephine relating her experience in the meantime.

"I have never yet," said Landerson, "been able to get any driver to suit me. They haven't got nerve enough, or they are too reckless. I had a Frenchman until the other day, who was so infernally reckless that he was

This story continued on page 112

The Stearns

AMERICA has not produced a rival to the STEARNS. We are ready to show any intending purchaser of a high-grade car—to his entire satisfaction—that he must import a car at double or more cost to get its equal. *

2100 Hours' labor by the most skilled workmen in the world is put on the finishing alone of each Stearns car. No other maker in the world gives so much time to anything but a special racer. It is this unmatched care employed in working out a perfected design from the finest materials so far discovered in the world that proves that the Stearns is "The Best Automobile."

\$4,500. The easy-running qualities of a "30" in highest perfection—the power of a "60" when needed. The catalogue tells how. Write to-day.

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608 Broadway

ATLANTA, GA., Capital City Automobile Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Automobile Company,
365 Fell Street

NEW YORK, Wyckoff, Church & Partridge,
Broadway at 56th Street

ROCHESTER, N. Y., United States Automobile
Company

PITTSBURG, PA., Fort Pitt Automobile Co.,
Euclid Avenue and Baum Street

ST. LOUIS, Reyburn Motor Car Co., 5023 Delmar
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CHICAGO, ILL., Githens Bros. Co., 1328 Michigan
Avenue

WHEELING, W. VA., R. H. Mahlike





SPEED, RESILIENCY, DURABILITY, SHOCK-RESISTING STRENGTH, ARE COMBINED IN THEIR HIGHEST DEGREE IN THE

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Model 67, Victoria Phaeton

This carriage, our latest creation, is unquestionably the most distinct and distinguished of electric automobiles. It is the acme of style and luxuriousness. Throughout marked ingenuity and artistic taste has been shown by the designer—nothing is skimped—broad, liberal, graceful lines, providing an exceptionally comfortable, convenient and spacious vehicle.

The Price is \$1,600

We make Runabouts, Stanhopes, Surreys, Open and Closed Chieases, Physicians' Road, Station and Delivery Wagons. Trucks to specifications.

Pope Motor Car Co., Waverley Dept., Indianapolis, Ind.



always getting locked up. You look young, but I'm willing to give you a trial."

In the garage, Landerson called his caretaker.

"Is that eight-cylinder machine all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring her out."

Josephine examined critically the gray racing machine. She took the cover off the engine, looked at the switchboard, tested the plugs, went over the cables, tested the oiler. Then she cranked her up, and they started off.

"The right kind of a woman," says an authority, "ought to drive a motor-car better than a man. She may not have the brute force, but she has the temperament. All a woman of this sort needs is plenty of power to direct. She possesses the finesse, the delicacy of control and the dare-devil trait, coupled with a certain unerring intuition which no man can hope to equal."

They were gone three hours. Up hill and down dale, along streets of macadam and through muddy byways. Once they burst a tire. Josephine sprung out and made the substitution in 12½ minutes—the quickest time Landerson had ever seen.

When at last they got back to the garage, Landerson turned quietly to his new prize.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"I'll leave it entirely with you."

"Well, I'll pay you \$1,500 a year. And you can begin at once. The big race comes off in two months. If you do as well as you have done to-day, I shall let you drive for me. I'm having a new car made—120 horse-power, and I want you to live with it. Get everything down fine, and remember that to ride like hell is the only way we can win."

* * *

The Farmers of Palmer County had risen in a body to protest against the great automobile race that the experts had decided was to be held over the magnificent roads of that section.

But all in vain. In spite of their protests, the law was set aside and the rights of the taxpayers ignored. The day of the race opened calm and beautiful, and early in the morning the crowds began to collect on the course. Vehicles of every description were there, and every size and make of automobile ever heard of, from the dinky little one-cylinder runabout to the magnificent \$20,000 French machines, with their resplendent trimmings and their wonderfully concentrated power. The racers—long, low, gray, rakish affairs—presented a strong contrast to these beautiful mechanical creations. But there was one thing quite certain—they looked business, and they meant business.

In all there were nearly twenty of them—driven by swarthy Italians, keen-eyed Frenchmen, and cadaverous Yankees.

But the main interest, after all, lay between Bertie Hayward and Billy Landerson. For in the automobile world these two had always been deadly rivals, and, with unlimited resources between them, it would seem as if the victory of one would at last determine the supremacy of a certain type.

Bertie's gray Leviathan, stripped of every superfluous ounce, stood waiting for the signal. Bertie had determined to drive himself. As he sat there, Landerson's big machine came whizzing by, with Josephine at the wheel. At the same instant that Bertie took in its sole occupant Landerson hailed him from the crowd.

"Hello, Bertie, going to try it yourself?"

"Yes. Who is that running your machine?"

"A dark horse."

"Oh, I ought to know. Didn't I send him to you? I've got you beat all right."

"Well, we'll see."

The signal was given. One by one, the dark shadows started off.

Like streaks of gray they shot off down the course—the very quintessence of speed.

The course itself was sixty miles around, with four quarter turns.

Bertie had started off ahead.

Josephine, her foot on the accelerator, her hands clasped round the steering wheel, came after him.

As they came to the first turn, Bertie slewed to the right. Josephine, slackening up, suddenly opened up everything and shot in ahead. In five minutes she had increased the lead nearly thirty rods. Then came a contest

of grim death. The annals of that race may never be recorded, but a paragraph in one of the leading papers summed it up the next day:

Nothing like Daggett's driving has ever been seen on this continent. In absolute recklessness, coupled with superb precision and a splendid judgment, it was unequalled. His nerve never deserted him, and had it not been for the unfortunate accident to his rear tire he would have beat the record by many minutes. As it is, his victory is well deserved, and from now he will undoubtedly be classed as the king of American drivers, if not of the world. Much curiosity was expressed as to who this young man is. He has never been heard of before. He fainted after the race.

Indeed, when the finish came, and amid the thundering shouts of the huge crowd Josephine's car stopped, and Landerson sprang forward to greet her, she fell over momentarily with her head on his shoulder. So light was she, however, that he lifted her bodily out of the machine and carried her over to his more commodious one, where she was revived with whisky and water—something she had never before tasted.

* * *

Bertie Hayward was very cross the next morning when he awoke. Even his bath and rub-down did not restore him to his usual tone. He was mad at himself and everybody else. He possessed, however, a vein of tenacity that prevented him from being utterly whipped. He had all the time in the world, and plenty of money—and there was the future ahead of him.

"Has anybody asked for me?" he inquired of his man, as he finished looking at himself in the glass.

"Yes, sir; the young man you sent for is here."

"Show him in."

Josephine entered.

"That was a great fight you put up yesterday," said Bertie. "I didn't dream you had it in you."

"Otherwise you might have engaged me yourself?"

"You bet I would"—ingenuously. "Say, young fellow, Landerson pays you by the month, doesn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. The Florida races take place in three months. If you'll come over to me I'll pay you double what you are getting now, and if you win for me next time I'll give you a bonus of ten thousand dollars. Is it a go?"

Bertie advanced until he came within a foot of the crack chauffeur of the whole country.

"Is it a go?" he repeated insinuatingly.

"No, sir; it isn't a go."

"You refuse my proposition?"

"Most decidedly."

"Well, I'll be"— Bertie stopped abruptly.

Josephine advanced and looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Hayward," she said slowly. "Let me tell you a few things. For twenty years my father worked like a slave for your father. He gave up his life in a deadly service. And at the end of his time, when he had become useless, he was cast off like an old glove, with no word of warning. It was criminal, cruel, utterly heartless and without an excuse. I came to you, perhaps more out of curiosity than anything else—for I was anxious to see if you, too, had any sense of justice—and offered you my services. You knew the circumstances, because my father had told you. And because you did not think I would answer your purpose, because, so to speak, you 'sized me up' and thought I wouldn't do, you passed me by, and when you heard that Mr. Landerson had taken me up you were glad, because you hadn't even taken the trouble to find out what was in me and you thought you had him beaten. Now it's another story. You want me because I can serve your purpose. But you can't have me. And you can assure yourself of this fact—that as long as I can move a clutch or put on a tire, you will never win over Mr. Landerson."

She was gone before Bertie even had time to get his breath, so sudden had been her attack.

"Well, I'll be damned!" was all he could say as he tore around his room, looking for his remaining togs.

All that day he spent in looking for Billy. He telephoned his office. Billy was not there. And at his garage they didn't know where he was.

Finally, at five o'clock that afternoon, he drifted disconsolately into his club.

In a far corner he caught sight of the man he wanted.

This story continued on page 114

What You Get When You Get a CADILLAC

You get a car as scientifically designed and as perfectly finished as if the reputation of this, the greatest automobile establishment in the world, depended upon *that one car*. This painstaking care dominates to the smallest details of Cadillac construction—in the engine it is so apparent that the minutely accurate finish of this vital part has made it a signal triumph in automobile manufacture.

The Cadillac Runabout and Light Touring Car are fitted with our wonderful single-cylinder engine, to which the dependability and remarkably low cost of maintenance of these models are chiefly attributable. By its great power, speed and hill-climbing ability, this engine proved itself so worthy in thousands of cars during the past four years that it will be used in 1907 practically without change—a fact which alone places the serviceableness of this year's cars beyond question.

Don't fail to get a demonstration—you will be surprised how great are the possibilities of the "Car that Climbs."

Model K Runabout—10 h.p.; neat, trim Victoria body; 30-inch wheels, \$800.
Model M Light Touring Car—Illustrated below—10 h.p.; graceful straight line body, \$950.

Model H—Four-cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500.

Model G—Four-cylinder, 20 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,000.

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Upon request we will send fully illustrated Booklet R, also address of nearest dealer.

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Exhibit at all shows

He went over and grabbed him by the arm.

"Come in here, old man," he said. "I've got something to say to you."

In a quiet corner of the reading-room, Bertie Hayward leaned over the table and looked solemnly at his friend and rival, Billy Landerson.

"Look here, Billy," he said, "this is dead straight. Do you know who that chauffeur of yours really is?"

And Billy Landerson smiled a knowing smile—one born of the supremest confidence in the world. "I ought to," he replied. "I'm going to marry him."

FIAT

1907 FEATURES

INTENDING automobile purchasers should not fail to inspect the "FIAT" Exhibit, *immediately to the left of the main entrance*, at Madison Square Garden. Cars of 15, 20, 35 and 50 H. P., with all the 1907 Features, are shown, with bodies by the leading European and American builders.

In addition to the mechanical features, we call particular attention to the fact that to-day "FIAT" is the leading imported car. During 1906 more "FIAT" machines were imported than any other make.

The prominent features of the new models may be summarized as follows:

50 H.-P. Chassis

Equipped with new six-cylinder motor. This motor follows closely the general design of the four-cylinder 35 H.-P. model which has proven so eminently successful and satisfactory. Its principal feature is a six-throw crank shaft which is a marvel of mechanical perfection and a decided improvement over any other now in use.

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A simple, satisfactory device for make and break motor that will absolutely do away with "cranking."

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A wonderful little piece of Engineering Skill. Has shaft drive (direct on high speed). Differential and change speed gear combined. Perfection of LIGHT REAR-AXLE CONSTRUCTION.

The most popular Town Chassis yet constructed.

General Features of All Models

An increased steering angle. Perfection of driving-shaft alignment. Larger rear tires.

Bismarck

PEOPLE who are laughed at for entertaining superstitious fears with regard to the number thirteen may comfort themselves with the knowledge that Prince Bismarck, probably the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, shared this weakness, and was ready to go almost any length in the way of courtesy and violation of the laws of court etiquette rather than to be one of the thirteen at a table. He regarded three as his mystic and favorite number, destined to bring him luck, and as identified in a very particular degree, too, with his career. Thus, his ancient family motto was "in trinitate robur," and his armorial bearings consisted of trefoils and of three leaves of oak. He was chancellor under three emperors, and received three titles of nobility—namely those of Count and Prince Bismarck and that of Duke of Lauenburg. He was responsible for three wars—namely, that with Denmark in 1864, with Austria in 1866 and with France in 1870, negotiated the three treaties of peace concluding these conflicts; was the author, first of all, of the so-called Three Empire Alliance, between Germany, Austria and Russia, and afterward of the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy. Moreover, he had three horses killed under him in the war of 1870, had three children, and was so invariably portrayed by the caricaturists of the day with three solitary hairs on his otherwise bald head that many are firmly convinced to this day that he was restricted to this modicum of hirsute growth.—*Independent*.

Where the Duke Was

DR. STALKER, the well-known Scottish preacher, tells a good story of Sir John Steell, the famous sculptor. When he had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed:

"As I am going to make the statue of your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields, cheering on your men to deeds of valor by word and action?"

"Bah!" said the Duke, in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."—*Tit-Bits*.

Suggestions for Motorists

IF YOUR brake fails to work at a critical moment, run into something cheap.

If you desire to make an impression on a young lady, run over her.

Common humanity dictates that you stop when the tires are out of wind.

By seating your best girl in front with the chauffeur, you will have something pleasant to look forward to during the ride.

Should your auto overturn, leave your seat immediately.

You should know your brakes or else you may break your nose.

If a man gets in your way and is run down, he should apologize. If he is dead, demand an apology from his wife.—*Boston Transcript*.

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The Truth About It

ACCORDING to one authority, "Criminal Imagings" describes a recent publication which other critics pronounce "a fascinating, well-told story" and "a tale of absorbing interest."

Of course, it is unpleasant to learn from the *Advance* that:

"The book is highly sensational and—dangerous."

Yet this is contradicted by the *Troy Times*:

"If 'The Silent War' had any strength it might be classed as dangerous, inasmuch as it exploits the assassination of millionaires, but there is little likelihood of any danger coming from so weak a production."

If this be so, and of course it is, then the Brooklyn *Citizen* is all astray in saying:

"The book is really a strong production. It is one that sets its reader thinking."

Also the Pittsburgh *Bulletin*:

"'The Silent War' betrays much literary skill and originality—not met with often enough in modern fiction."

But we gather from a scholarly, dispassionate criticism in the *Bee*, of San Francisco, that:

"Viewed seriously, the book is rot."

However, there is hope in the opinion of the Portsmouth *Chronicle* that:

"The story is absorbing. Although 'The Silent War' deals with a leading question of the

day, it is not a problem novel, but a fascinating, well-told story."

And in the Baltimore *American* when telling its readers that:

"'The Silent War' is a work which is likely to cause more comment and discussion than the usual novel of the day."

Then the *Evening Mail* inquires:

"Has the time come yet for the appearance of terror literature of this sort in America?"

Its effect upon the *Army and Navy Journal* was less alarming:

"In 'The Silent War' John Ames Mitchell has still further revealed the constructive skill, fertile fancy and delicate literary workmanship which characterize his 'Amos Judd' and 'The Pines of Lory.' The present work deals in an entertaining and distinctly original vein with the great social and economic problems of our times—the masses against the millionaires.' Interwoven with his treatment of these questions is a dainty and wholesome love story of surpassing charm. In character-drawing the author shows no loss of skill in this new field."

It should be remembered, however, that:

"This story by the author of 'Amos Judd' is distinctly disappointing, both in material and treatment," if we may believe the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Which proves the Evansville *Courier* is something of a liar in asserting:

"The former achievements of Mr. Mitchell have been surpassed in 'The Silent War.' The tale is a vivid one, with plenty of action and much skill in character-drawing. The author has a subtle humor which finds its way into every chapter."

Nevertheless, it gave little pleasure to the New York *Sun*, for:

"It would seem from 'The Silent War' as if an indigestion of muck-rake literature were afflicting Mr. J. A. Mitchell."

Perhaps it was that kind of criticism that tickled the *Publisher and Retailer* into saying:

"It is a joy to read the reviews of this startling and out-of-the-usual-run-of-novels, by the editor of LIFE. The 'Plute' press has scored it gloriously. At the same time the book will be clasped close to many a radical bosom and remembered with regret that it was fiction, after all."

And, lastly, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in a long and careful review, declares it "a romance of extraordinary interest, and remarkable for the startling originality of its central idea. Further, the story, which is the vehicle of the idea, is told with no abatement of the skill which has marked Mr. Mitchell's other books."

And so, we know this much, at least, that the book produces quite a variety of impressions.

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SANDERSON'S
"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.

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LIQUEUR

A specially choice luxury. The finest of all liqueurs. It appeals to those of refined taste and discrimination.

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ONE "A" TOO MANY

A number of years ago when the present Second Assistant Secretary of State, Alvey A. Ade, was Third Assistant, an employee of the State Department was called to the 'phone.

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Ade."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Ade."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A"—

"You go to hell!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

Pure at the Source

Milk is the chief article of food in the sick-room and hospital. Every physician and nurse should know the source of supply before ordering in any form. It is not enough to know that it comes as "country milk." Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, the original and leading brand since 1857. Integrity and experience behind every can.

"CAMILLE"

If a famous pianist needs an after-dinner story for his American hosts, he might tell them how the billboards blazed his concert in Washington the other day:

CAMILLE
SAINT-SAENS

and some honorable Congressman from Oshkosh, Keokuk or Kankakee stepped up to the doorkeeper to ask: "If they're going to play 'Camille' this afternoon, why don't they quit foolin' and start the show?"—*New York Sun*.

THANK heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school, and which she can speak of without being corrected.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

PUZZLE: FIND THE "QUIET JOKE"

A well-known Green Mountain Congregational deacon, notwithstanding his gravity of manner, is given to quiet joking when it can be done without offense to the characters involved. His "better half" being somewhat slow to comprehend, is often provocative of much sport by the challenge of her obtuseness, and so often becomes, innocently, a very timely assistant to the deacon in the perpetration of his jokes.

Since the appearance of automobiles madam has refused to go driving for fear that something serious would happen, as she "knew their horse would act badly." She was finally induced to go to a near-by village for a visit, and fortunately they did not meet with any autos going; but the deacon said: "Mother was fidgety and uncomfortable the entire journey."—*Harper's Weekly*.

MARIE CORELLI writes that she "loathes America," thus striking a new note of reciprocity between the two countries.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

THE magnate faced St. Peter.

"What sort of a life have you led?" inquired the keeper of the gates.

The face of the magnate grew dull and stolid.

"By advice of counsel," he replied, "I refuse to answer."

The gatekeeper slowly nodded.

"In that case," he said, "you had better consult your counsel before this goes any further. He is waiting for you in the anteroom below."

Whereupon the saint pressed the button and the elevator platform upon which the magnate was standing dropped into the sulphurous depths.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Health, happiness and harmony to every state in the Union—especially the married state."

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Whiskey
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QUEEN VICTORIA MODEL on our interchangeable chassis built to carry also a Runabout or Coupe body, as desired.

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our latest creation, in style and finish represents the highest achievement of the carriage builder's art. The chassis is made to carry the Queen Victoria, the Runabout or Inside Driven Coupe body, interchangeable at will, in a few moments and with slight effort.

The price is no greater than you are asked to pay for cars without its high-grade construction and finish, and for a small extra sum you can supply yourself either with a racy runabout body or with a coupe body for winter use.

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RESORTS OF FLORIDA
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WINTER TOURIST TICKETS

Allowing stopovers are on sale until April 30, return limit May 31.

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SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

Similes

THE following interesting lines, of which the composer is unknown, but which have long drifted about in the newspapers, contain all the stock comparisons most frequently used in conversation, arranged in such a manner as to rhyme. The poem, if it can so be called, has been rescued from oblivion by Miss Carolyn Wells in "A Whimsey Anthology":

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone,
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat,
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole,

As white as a lily—as black as a coal,
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear,
As light as a drum—as free as the air,
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,
As steady as time—uncertain as weather,
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog,
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog,
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind,
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind,
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig,
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove,
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove,
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post,

As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast,
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball,
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl,
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks,
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox,
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow,
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe,
As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle,
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle,
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch,
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch,
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass,
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

—Scrap Book.



Model G Series 2 \$4,000.00
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*The Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire is
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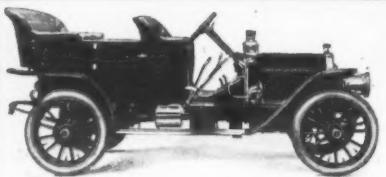
Every size of the Goodyear Detachable is over-size. A "four-inch" Goodyear Detachable is actually 15% larger than any other 4-in. auto-tire on the market. All other sizes in proportion. That means that, if your car is over catalogue weight, or if you want to add heavy accessories to the car, the Goodyear Detachable will carry it, without trouble—without overstrain, without puncture, without sand-blisters, without any of the hundred-and-one evils an overloaded tire develops. Running an overweight car on an undersize tire is like using a garden hose on a fire-pressure hydrant. It may not break at once, but it may be expected to give out in weeks, where if not overstrained, it would last YEARS. In the tire's case, it's because the over-weight causes over-wear, over-heating and consequent quick disintegration.

You Won't Overload the Goodyear Detachable because it is always "big enough to take care of itself." It is invariably 15 percent larger than specified, and that one fact saves 99 per cent trouble. The Goodyear Detachable has other virtues—guaranteed not to rim-cut, for instance. Our book "How to Select an Auto-Tire," tells all about them all. Write for it.

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All the strong points making the WAYNE famous in the past have been retained, and improvements conducive to comfort and stability, whose merits were determined beyond a question of doubt before a single car was put on the market, have been incorporated. As a refinement of all that is best in automobile construction it stands in the forefront.

Wayne

No other car on the market contains more features that commend themselves to the discriminating purchaser, none so well equipped to give unfailing satisfaction.

The 1907 WAYNE challenges comparison with any other automobile made, either American or foreign, and stands ready to prove the claim that it is *the greatest value ever offered for the money.*

Model N, 30-35 h. p., 5 passenger, \$2,500

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Descriptive catalogue sent for the asking.

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her affections keep her well
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Chocolates
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STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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I'm Off for America's Flower Garden

Where oranges are ripe and ready to eat in January—where roses bloom in midwinter—where surf bathing may be enjoyed the year 'round—where health and pleasure wait.

My ticket reads via the Rock Island, on the new

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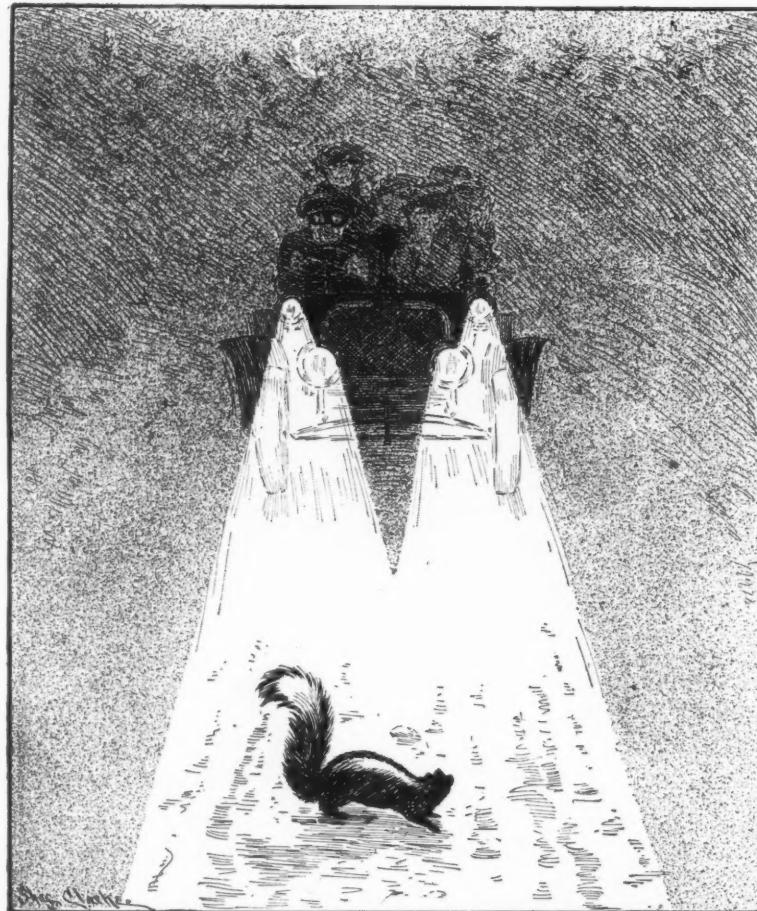
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Daily from Chicago and St. Louis to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco, via, El Paso Short Line—lowest altitudes and fewest grades.

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Send for illustrated booklet describing train and route—free if you mention this magazine.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines,
CHICAGO.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"

Concentration of Wealth

THE loud claims made by plutocrats that everybody is prosperous would seem to be confuted by the figures given in a recent speech by Henry L. Call, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Call said:

"Fifty years ago there were not to exceed fifty millionaires in the whole of the United States, and their combined fortunes—including the half-millionaires as well—did not exceed a probable \$100,000,000, or 1 per cent. of the then aggregate wealth of the nation. Sixteen years ago the combined fortunes of this class were estimated at \$36,500,000,000, or 56 per cent. of our national wealth. To-day a bare 1 per cent. of our population owns practically 99 per cent. of the entire wealth of the nation.

"As a result of this wealth concentration, industrial society is practically divided into two classes: the enormously rich and the miserably poor; our 18,000,000 wage-earners receive an average of but \$400 per year; nine-tenths of our business men are notoriously failures; our clergy receive an average annual salary of about \$500; the average for the educators of the land is even lower; and the income of other professional men in proportion, while of our 6,000,000 farmers one-third are tenants, and the homes of one-third of the remaining two-thirds are mortgaged, and a debt burden is almost universal.

"We are, in fact, a nation of debtors, our public and private mortgage, bond and general indebtedness alone reaching a probable total of \$30,000,000,000, or \$375 per capita; in other words, an amount equal to 13½ times our per capita money circulation, and 22 times our savings-banks deposits. But the stocks of our industrial, financial and public-service corporations are expected to draw dividends, and constitute as truly an indebtedness upon the part of the public to the owners of wealth as do mortgages and bonds themselves; and these, under their present enormous overcapitalization, would swell our indebtedness to a probable total far in excess of the \$110,000,000,000 estimated as the total aggregate wealth of the nation, the whole being a first lien upon the toil and property of the nation, with the power given to these corporations to levy what tax they please thereupon.

"These conditions are not normal nor the result of natural law or causation, but are instead the result of a monopoly of land and mineral resources; of money, of transportation and other public utilities, as also of industry. This monopoly has, moreover, been brought about by means of the corporation, industrial, financial and public service.

"The corporation, as constituted, is, in fact, a monstrosity in our industrial system."

THERE is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation by a judge, in provincial courts, with colleagues on the bench when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" a judge in the Department of the Loire once asked the colleague on his right.

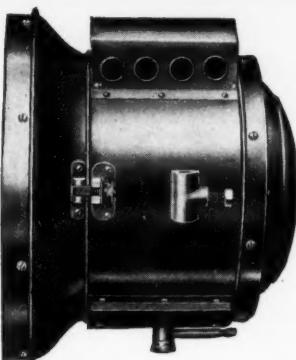
"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" This to the colleague on the left.

"I should give him four years."

Whereupon the judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said:

"Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."—Argonaut.



More

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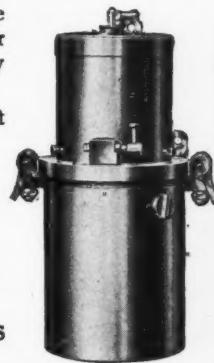
are used all the time than ALL other kinds
some of the time

¶ Just compare any part, from the hinge on the door to the reflector on lens, with a like part of any other make and you will understand the reason for this.

¶ They really are the best built and made by the oldest and largest lamp and generator makers in the world.

¶ Sounds big? Perhaps; but it's honest—like the quality.

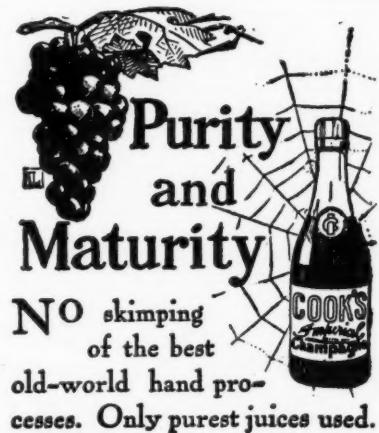
¶ A careful comparison of Solars with all others will insure Lamp Satisfaction to you and the order to



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ARE you familiar with the theory and practice of motor car construction? If so we can easily demonstrate to you that for reliability and service the Studebaker stands supreme. It represents the highest attainment in motor car construction. The superior finish, superb lines and luxurious body must be seen to be appreciated.

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Model "H"
Touring Car, 30-35 H.P.
Price, \$4,000

Maxims on Money

(Compiled by the *Scrap Book*)

A WISE man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Dean Swift*.

Money does all things; for it gives and it takes away. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—*L'Estrange*.

He that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.—*Shakespeare*.

Money is like manure—of very little use except it be spread.—*Bacon*.

Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.—*John Wesley*.

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.—*Lord Byron*.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

Men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are honestly making money.—*Samuel Johnson*.

Money is a handmaid if you know how to use it—a mistress if you do not know how.—*Horace*.

It happens a little unluckily that the persons who have the most infinite contempt for money are the same that have the strongest appetite for the pleasures it produces.—*Shenstone*.

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding. It dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant, accommodate itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.—*Addison*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

Next!

THE late ex-Governor Robinson used to tell a story in which he acknowledged that the only witness who ever made him throw up his hands and leave the court-room was a green Irishman.

Mr. Robinson, at the time, was counsel for one of the big railroads. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. The railroad had a good case, but Mr. Robinson made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

The witness, in his quaint way, had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things, he swore positively the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then Mr. Robinson thought he had him.

"See here, Mr. McGinnis," said Mr. Robinson, "you admit that the whistle blew."

"Yes, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

"Never mind that. You were Mike's friend, and you would like to help his widow, but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck?"

"I presume that the whistle wor for the nixt man on the thrack, sor."

Mr. Robinson retired, and the widow got all she asked for.—*Boston Herald*.



No. 1
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ART PLATE

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

For 12 Tops of Red Metal Caps from Malt-Nutrine bottles, and 15 cents in stamps or money to cover postage, we will send to any address in the United States either of these plates. Order by Number.

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Malt-Nutrine Dept. S,
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
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MALT-NUTRINE

is a predigested liquid-food—easily assimilated by the weakest and most delicate stomach. It promotes appetite, aids digestion and assures healthful and refreshing sleep. The ideal tonic for nursing mothers and convalescents.

Malt-Nutrine is sold by Druggists and Grocers.



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C & K

Knapp-Felt

hats wear long and well. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6, Knapp-Felt \$4, everywhere

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, at 13th Street New York

An occasional shampoo and daily brushing is what many people consider "caring for the hair."

But REAL HAIR CULTURE goes further—Brush the hair five minutes night and morning.

Shampoo it once or twice a month.

And make hair cultivation beneficial and complete by daily use of

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC (Eau de Quinine)

The hair responds quickly—becomes rich, abundant and healthful.

Send 10c. to pay postage and packing of a liberal sample.

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"Especially the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia."

For Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent Upon a Uric Acid Diathesis.

Samuel O. L. Potter, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the College Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, Cal., in his "Hand-Book of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics," in the citation of remedies under the head of "Chronic Bright's Disease," says: "Mineral waters, especially the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of Virginia, has many advocates." Also, under "Albuminuria," he says: "The **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is highly recommended."

George Halsted Boyland, A. M., M. D., of Paris, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, in the New York Medical Journal, August 22, 1896, says: "There is no remedy as absolutely specific in all forms of Albuminuria and Bright's Disease, whether **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, Spring No. 2, acute or chronic, as a milk diet. In all cases of pregnancy, where albumin is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed, the albumin disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions."

T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D., of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have often prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Gouty and Rheumatic conditions and in Renal Calculi, accompanied by Renal Colic, and always with the most satisfactory results. In Renal Calculi, where there is an excess of Uric Acid, it is especially efficacious."

Medical testimony which defies all imputation or question mailed to any address.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by druggists and grocers generally.
PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

A Washington Tragedy

The Short and Checkered Career of Simplified Spelling

DECEMBER 13, at the home of its adopted father, Theodore Rusevelt, Washington, D. C., after ate munths of suffering, Simpul Speler, belovd foster child of Androo Karnagy and Brandur Mathuse. Obseekwiz privut. Pleez omit flours.

THE above simpul obituary notis was a severe shock to the many sorrowing friends of the little stranger who was brought to earth by an educated stork last March, and after a painful, bottle-fed existence of a few months past away without giving any indications of the promising future that was predicted for it by the wise men of the East who were present when the waif was sent to the Washington home for the alleviation of a congested language.

Messrs. Karnagy and Mathuse wrapped the little waif in a copy of a paper containing a complete report of the proceedings attending the latest presentation of a library by the master of Skeebo and an expurgated edition of Mr. Mathuse's latest work, "Recreation of an Anthologist," while a copy of "Josh Billings" was put in the chubby hand.

Then in the dark of the moon the foster parents of the waif went to the White House and tenderly laid the bundle on the steps.

"Mr. Rusevelt is a kind-harted man," said Mr. Karnagy, "and will not see the little deer suffer."

"Surely," said Mr. Mathuse. "Mr. Rusevelt will take it in and nourish it. He is opposed to race soonghsie, you know, and this is such a little deer he cannot help loving it."

Then they gave the bell three hard pulls and ran around to the corner of the house to see what would happen. The door opened and Mr. Rusevelt looked up and down the street, as though looking for Bellamy Storer, but he didn't see him. Then the kind-hearted man heard a little squeak and glancing down saw the waif.

"Delited!" said Mr. Rusevelt, as he took the infant in his arms and went into the house. But the waif had a very bad spell as soon as it was taken into the household, and Mr. Rusevelt said he would have to get a nurse, so he sent for Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, who is very expert in handling infant industries.

Mr. Gillett said he would have no trouble in getting a nice place for the infant as soon as it got strong enough to work, and he asked Mr. Rusevelt to recommend the little fellow for a place with the publik printer.

Mr. Rusevelt again said he would be "delited," and he did so. Under the nursing of Mr. Gillett, Simpul Speler began to grow and develop a lung power that could be heard all over the city. The naybors began to make complaints about the noise and said that Mr. Rusevelt would do well to send the squaller out of the city or else get a nurse that knew his business. But the waif got worse all the time, and Mr. Rusevelt said:

"Here, this fellow is strong enuf to work. Let him go and help the publik printer." The printer didn't like it, but he gave the kid a place.

But the foundling was attacked with a rush of words to the hed one day, and expired suddenly. Nurse Gillett used oxigen and other restoratives, but without avail, and it was laid to rest. Over the grave was placed a stone, with this inscription:

"Sakrud to the memry of Simpul Speler.
We mourn our loss."

—Philadelphia Press.

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Bitters

THE GOOD GENIUS OF HOME.
A true luxury, delicious, and the very best Bitter Liqueur. Also the quickest, most invigorating of tonics. It quickens the most jaded appetite, and aids digestion. No sideboard is complete without it.

Enjoyable as a cocktail and better for you.

With sherry or mixed drinks UNDERBURG is preferable to any other bitters.

Over 6,000,000 bottles imported to the United States.

At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Bottled (since 1846) only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rhenberg, Germany.

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204 William street,
New York,
General Agents.

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FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

A
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DINNER



LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.



(From an Architect's Note Book)

"THE CORNER TOWER ALWAYS ADDS A NOTE OF DIGNITY AND BEAUTY"

The Latest Disease

WE HAVE had the bicycle face and the baseball arm; the football voice and the golf maniac. Now it seems that we are to have the automobile heart. Health Commissioner James Bosley, of Baltimore, has been telling the *News* of that city about some of the dangers attendant on auto speeding:

"Automobilists with hearts that have the slightest tendency to weakness should be cautious. The excitement of rapid traveling out in the open causes an overstrain on the heart, and if this organ is weak the condition of the automobilist is a most dangerous one."

"Something slightly out of the ordinary, like a narrow escape from a collision, or the running down of a man, might give the finishing touch, and death might follow."

"To say that speeding has the general effect among automobilists of bringing on a special heart trouble common to all automobilists is, of course, far from the truth. If this were true, we would find a practically similar condition among locomotive engineers. Instead of the engineers being as a body men subject to heart disease, they are generally very healthy. They approach their work by degrees, however, and become hardened to it before they are put upon fast runs.

"With automobilists it is different. Often a man will go out for an automobile ride after a long period of sedentary and unexciting work. Once in the country, the speed of the machine will be steadily increased, and with each increase the excitement makes greater the strain upon the heart of the weak automobilist.

"It is, in fact, the occasional automobilist—the man or woman who goes out only once in awhile—who is most subject to attacks of what may be called auto heart. The professionals, like the men who took part in the big road race on Long Island, are trained to their work, just as locomotive engineers are trained, and even the greatest bursts of speed probably have no effect upon them."



MAKÁROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

May now be had from best dealers in boxes of ten, at

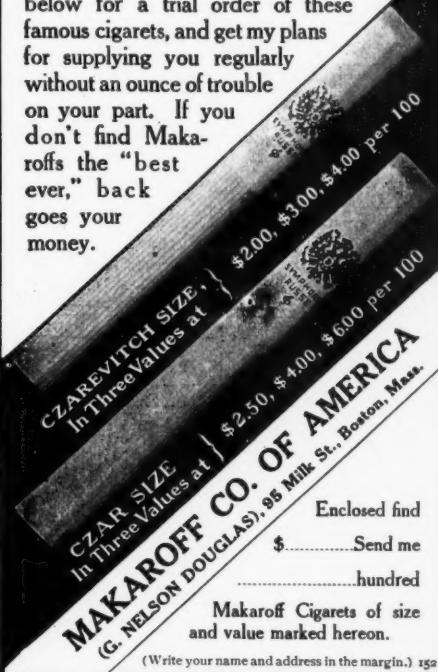
20 AND 25

CENTS PER BOX

If you are not convenient to a dealer who sells Makaroffs, I will send you by mail, postage paid, a box of one hundred, securely packed in cedar.

PRIVATE MONOGRAMS

two letters in gold, without extra charge to regular customers. Fill out the coupon below for a trial order of these famous cigarettes, and get my plans for supplying you regularly without an ounce of trouble on your part. If you don't find Makaroffs the "best ever," back goes your money.



(Write your name and address in the margin.) 152

The Colver Tours (Away-from-the-Usual)

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Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water *after* meals affords relief and aids digestion.

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE FLORIDA CUBA SOUTH



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Neglected Nails are most unsightly—C. N. P. T. gives a brilliant, lasting polish

AT SHOPS. SAMPLE BY MAIL 10 CENTS

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MANUFACTURERS CALDER'S DENTINE



For chops, steaks,
cutlets, etc., add to
the gravy one or
two tablespoonsful of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
before pouring it over the
meat.

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HONESTLY, did you ever get a bar-mixed cocktail that was ever right to your taste? CLUB COCKTAILS are carefully measure-mixed, not guessed at; made of finest liquors, aged in wood, mellow and of delicious aroma.

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A WILLING PUPIL

HER POOR SUITOR DID NOT DISCERN
THAT HER GOWNS COST MUCH MORE THAN HE'D EARN;
SAID SHE, "HOW COULD YOU DRESS ME?"
HE BLUSHED AND SAID, "BLESS ME!
THAT'S SOMETHING I THINK I COULD LEARN."

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Full bodied, popular
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Maracaibo Coffee 18c. per lb.

Of great strength and good
aroma—a most economical
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Write for complete list of all Table
Supplies at lowest prices

Still with the Firm

A BIG New York wholesale house not long ago started a certain drummer on the road, giving him two hundred dollars for traveling expenses. Two weeks passed and nothing was heard from him. Finally, the house, becoming impatient, telegraphed the delinquent as follows:

"No advices from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

In a little while the answer came:

"Referring yours of fifteenth. Have drawn on you for two hundred and fifty dollars additional. Am still with you."—*Lippincott's*.

Not Sentiment

HE: Oh, please, Mlle. Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand.

SHE (*coyly*): Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?

"Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont."—*Nos Loisirs*.

Items of Needed Legislation

FOR instance, there ought to be a law prohibiting the crushing of mint in the compilation of a julep.

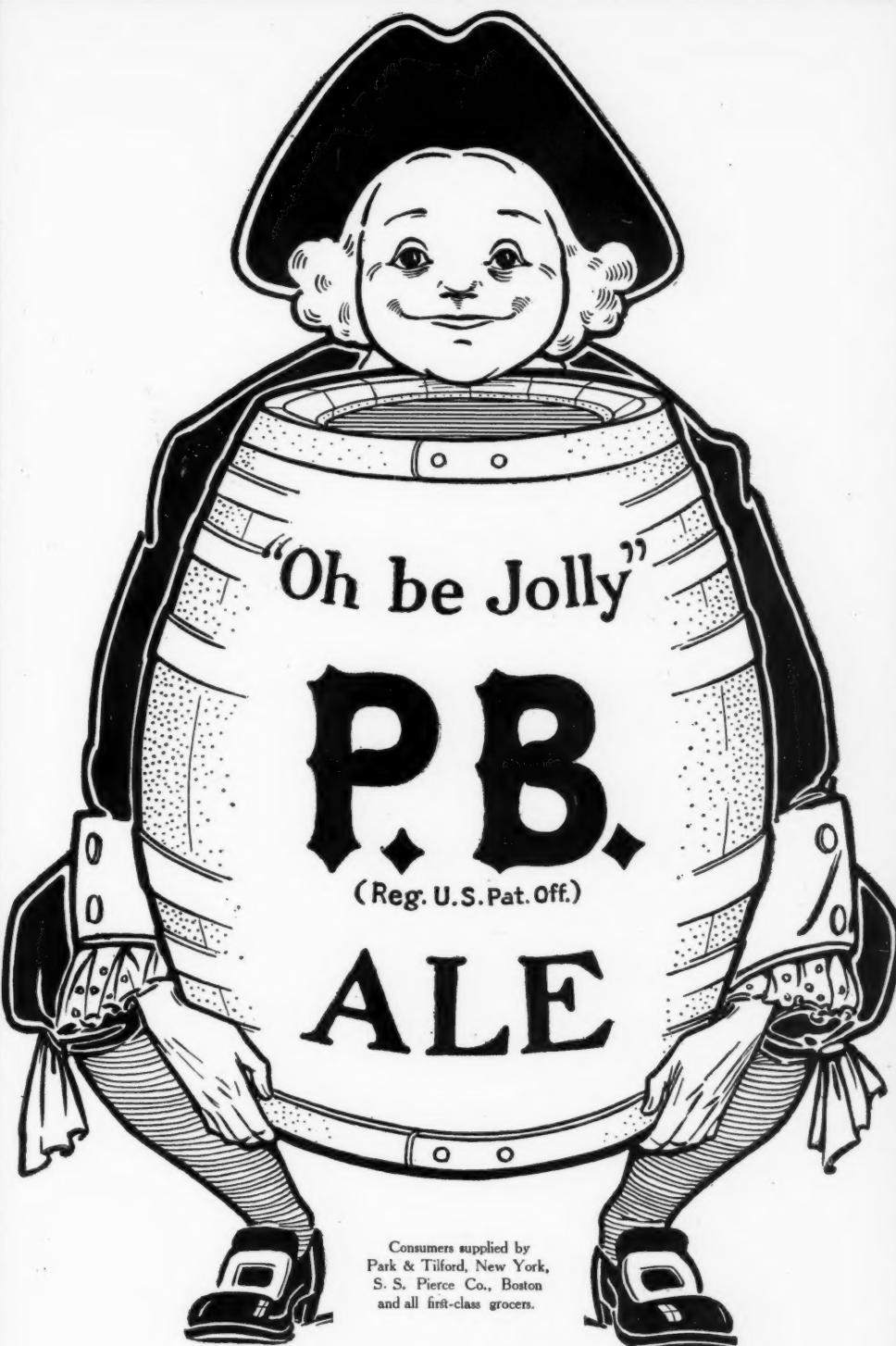
There ought to be a law forbidding the use of the doggerel known as "baby" talk, or "goo-goo" talk, to infants, on the ground that it retards the progress of young Americans in the mastery of real English.

It ought to be declared a felony for any one at the theatre to tell his companion "what's coming next."

A law should declare it perfectly proper for a clergyman to say something besides "Fudge" when he hits at a golf ball and ploughs up a ton of earth.

It should be illegal for a preacher to reiterate his text more than fifty times in the course of one sermon, or to go higher than the "thirtiethly" in his enumeration of points to be made.

It should be against the law for any group of women to discuss the servant problem more than one hour at a time without a change of subject, unless they first obtain a written permission of the President of the United States.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Drink P. B. Ale

If you are an ale drinker and know that good, pure ale gives strength as well as satisfaction to the man who drinks it, then drink P. B. Only pure malt and hops go into the brew. Eighty-five years' experience goes into the brewing. It's an American Success recognized and patronized by every lover of good ale.

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Natural Cause

A SCIENTIST, in the employ of the Government at Washington, recently met his physician in the street.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Doctor," said the man of science. "I am limping badly to-day. Do you think it's locomotor ataxia?"

"Scarcely that," replied the physician. "You are walking with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter."—*Harper's Monthly*.

Hairpulling, Etc.

D EACON: By the way, that man Brown you married a year ago, has he paid you your fee yet?

CLERGYMAN: No; the last time I reminded him of it he said I'd be fortunate if he didn't sue me for damages.—*Boston Transcript*.



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The Duck: MY! BUT WHERE DID YOU LEARN ALL THIS BAD LANGUAGE?

The Parrot: MY FORMER MASTER OWNED AN AUTOMOBILE.

"Myself and God"

THE German Emperor is always interesting, but not always original. A day or two ago he warned his sailors that their dangerous occupation might leave them but a moment to remember their dear ones, the Almighty—and their Supreme War Lord. That climax was forestalled by the college dean who objected to this writer's appearance at morning chapel in slippers. "If you would put on your boots," said the dean, who combined nervousness with a sense of dignity, "it would show more respect to the college, to Almighty God . . . and to—to myself!"—*London Chronicle*.

"YOU'LL find there are no fish in that pond!"

"What did you tell us for? Now you've spoiled my day's fishing!"—Translated from *Fliegende Blaetter for the Literary Digest*.

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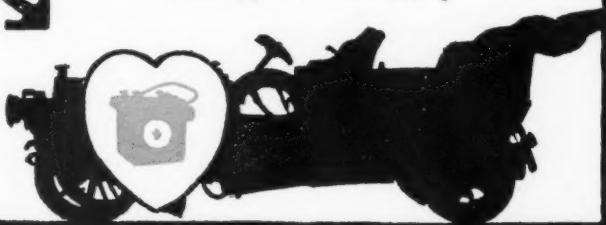
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It has defeated all the principal cars of the world so REPEATEDLY and so DECISIVELY that its makers have rather lost the ardor for motor racing; it is hardly sportsmanlike to keep rubbing it in when one has a sure thing.

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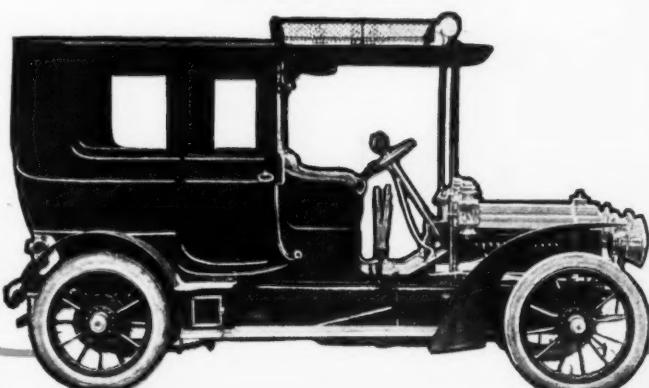
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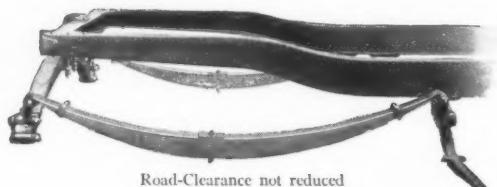




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